

THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

VOL. IV. No. 18.

J. J. BURKE,
EDITOR & PUBLISHER.

Antioch, Illinois., Thursday Morning Jan. 1, 1891.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR
STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

Toys, Games, Books and Fine Candles, and every-thing you can think of for the little folks, at C. O. Foltz.

WISCONSIN CENTRAL RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

GOING NORTH.
No. 1, 5:07 P. M.
No. 3, 7:10 A. M.
No. 5, 9:10 A. M.
No. 7, 11:30 A. M.
No. 9, 1:30 P. M.
No. 11, 3:30 P. M.
No. 13, 5:30 P. M.
No. 15, 7:30 P. M.
No. 17, 9:30 P. M.
No. 19, 11:30 P. M.
No. 21, 1:30 A. M.
No. 23, 3:30 A. M.
No. 25, 5:30 A. M.
No. 27, 7:30 A. M.
No. 29, 9:30 A. M.
No. 31, 11:30 A. M.
No. 33, 1:30 P. M.
No. 35, 3:30 P. M.
No. 37, 5:30 P. M.
No. 39, 7:30 P. M.
No. 41, 9:30 P. M.
No. 43, 11:30 P. M.
No. 45, 1:30 A. M.
No. 47, 3:30 A. M.
No. 49, 5:30 A. M.
No. 51, 7:30 A. M.
No. 53, 9:30 A. M.
No. 55, 11:30 A. M.
No. 57, 1:30 P. M.
No. 59, 3:30 P. M.
No. 61, 5:30 P. M.
No. 63, 7:30 P. M.
No. 65, 9:30 P. M.
No. 67, 11:30 P. M.
No. 69, 1:30 A. M.
No. 71, 3:30 A. M.
No. 73, 5:30 A. M.
No. 75, 7:30 A. M.
No. 77, 9:30 A. M.
No. 79, 11:30 A. M.
No. 81, 1:30 P. M.
No. 83, 3:30 P. M.
No. 85, 5:30 P. M.
No. 87, 7:30 P. M.
No. 89, 9:30 P. M.
No. 91, 11:30 P. M.
No. 93, 1:30 A. M.
No. 95, 3:30 A. M.
No. 97, 5:30 A. M.
No. 99, 7:30 A. M.
No. 101, 9:30 A. M.
No. 103, 11:30 A. M.
No. 105, 1:30 P. M.
No. 107, 3:30 P. M.
No. 109, 5:30 P. M.
No. 111, 7:30 P. M.
No. 113, 9:30 P. M.
No. 115, 11:30 P. M.
No. 117, 1:30 A. M.
No. 119, 3:30 A. M.
No. 121, 5:30 A. M.
No. 123, 7:30 A. M.
No. 125, 9:30 A. M.
No. 127, 11:30 A. M.
No. 129, 1:30 P. M.
No. 131, 3:30 P. M.
No. 133, 5:30 P. M.
No. 135, 7:30 P. M.
No. 137, 9:30 P. M.
No. 139, 11:30 P. M.
No. 141, 1:30 A. M.
No. 143, 3:30 A. M.
No. 145, 5:30 A. M.
No. 147, 7:30 A. M.
No. 149, 9:30 A. M.
No. 151, 11:30 A. M.
No. 153, 1:30 P. M.
No. 155, 3:30 P. M.
No. 157, 5:30 P. M.
No. 159, 7:30 P. M.
No. 161, 9:30 P. M.
No. 163, 11:30 P. M.
No. 165, 1:30 A. M.
No. 167, 3:30 A. M.
No. 169, 5:30 A. M.
No. 171, 7:30 A. M.
No. 173, 9:30 A. M.
No. 175, 11:30 A. M.
No. 177, 1:30 P. M.
No. 179, 3:30 P. M.
No. 181, 5:30 P. M.
No. 183, 7:30 P. M.
No. 185, 9:30 P. M.
No. 187, 11:30 P. M.
No. 189, 1:30 A. M.
No. 191, 3:30 A. M.
No. 193, 5:30 A. M.
No. 195, 7:30 A. M.
No. 197, 9:30 A. M.
No. 199, 11:30 A. M.
No. 201, 1:30 P. M.
No. 203, 3:30 P. M.
No. 205, 5:30 P. M.
No. 207, 7:30 P. M.
No. 209, 9:30 P. M.
No. 211, 11:30 P. M.
No. 213, 1:30 A. M.
No. 215, 3:30 A. M.
No. 217, 5:30 A. M.
No. 219, 7:30 A. M.
No. 221, 9:30 A. M.
No. 223, 11:30 A. M.
No. 225, 1:30 P. M.
No. 227, 3:30 P. M.
No. 229, 5:30 P. M.
No. 231, 7:30 P. M.
No. 233, 9:30 P. M.
No. 235, 11:30 P. M.
No. 237, 1:30 A. M.
No. 239, 3:30 A. M.
No. 241, 5:30 A. M.
No. 243, 7:30 A. M.
No. 245, 9:30 A. M.
No. 247, 11:30 A. M.
No. 249, 1:30 P. M.
No. 251, 3:30 P. M.
No. 253, 5:30 P. M.
No. 255, 7:30 P. M.
No. 257, 9:30 P. M.
No. 259, 11:30 P. M.
No. 261, 1:30 A. M.
No. 263, 3:30 A. M.
No. 265, 5:30 A. M.
No. 267, 7:30 A. M.
No. 269, 9:30 A. M.
No. 271, 11:30 A. M.
No. 273, 1:30 P. M.
No. 275, 3:30 P. M.
No. 277, 5:30 P. M.
No. 279, 7:30 P. M.
No. 281, 9:30 P. M.
No. 283, 11:30 P. M.
No. 285, 1:30 A. M.
No. 287, 3:30 A. M.
No. 289, 5:30 A. M.
No. 291, 7:30 A. M.
No. 293, 9:30 A. M.
No. 295, 11:30 A. M.
No. 297, 1:30 P. M.
No. 299, 3:30 P. M.
No. 301, 5:30 P. M.
No. 303, 7:30 P. M.
No. 305, 9:30 P. M.
No. 307, 11:30 P. M.
No. 309, 1:30 A. M.
No. 311, 3:30 A. M.
No. 313, 5:30 A. M.
No. 315, 7:30 A. M.
No. 317, 9:30 A. M.
No. 319, 11:30 A. M.
No. 321, 1:30 P. M.
No. 323, 3:30 P. M.
No. 325, 5:30 P. M.
No. 327, 7:30 P. M.
No. 329, 9:30 P. M.
No. 331, 11:30 P. M.
No. 333, 1:30 A. M.
No. 335, 3:30 A. M.
No. 337, 5:30 A. M.
No. 339, 7:30 A. M.
No. 341, 9:30 A. M.
No. 343, 11:30 A. M.
No. 345, 1:30 P. M.
No. 347, 3:30 P. M.
No. 349, 5:30 P. M.
No. 351, 7:30 P. M.
No. 353, 9:30 P. M.
No. 355, 11:30 P. M.
No. 357, 1:30 A. M.
No. 359, 3:30 A. M.
No. 361, 5:30 A. M.
No. 363, 7:30 A. M.
No. 365, 9:30 A. M.
No. 367, 11:30 A. M.
No. 369, 1:30 P. M.
No. 371, 3:30 P. M.
No. 373, 5:30 P. M.
No. 375, 7:30 P. M.
No. 377, 9:30 P. M.
No. 379, 11:30 P. M.
No. 381, 1:30 A. M.
No. 383, 3:30 A. M.
No. 385, 5:30 A. M.
No. 387, 7:30 A. M.
No. 389, 9:30 A. M.
No. 391, 11:30 A. M.
No. 393, 1:30 P. M.
No. 395, 3:30 P. M.
No. 397, 5:30 P. M.
No. 399, 7:30 P. M.
No. 401, 9:30 P. M.
No. 403, 11:30 P. M.
No. 405, 1:30 A. M.
No. 407, 3:30 A. M.
No. 409, 5:30 A. M.
No. 411, 7:30 A. M.
No. 413, 9:30 A. M.
No. 415, 11:30 A. M.
No. 417, 1:30 P. M.
No. 419, 3:30 P. M.
No. 421, 5:30 P. M.
No. 423, 7:30 P. M.
No. 425, 9:30 P. M.
No. 427, 11:30 P. M.
No. 429, 1:30 A. M.
No. 431, 3:30 A. M.
No. 433, 5:30 A. M.
No. 435, 7:30 A. M.
No. 437, 9:30 A. M.
No. 439, 11:30 A. M.
No. 441, 1:30 P. M.
No. 443, 3:30 P. M.
No. 445, 5:30 P. M.
No. 447, 7:30 P. M.
No. 449, 9:30 P. M.
No. 451, 11:30 P. M.
No. 453, 1:30 A. M.
No. 455, 3:30 A. M.
No. 457, 5:30 A. M.
No. 459, 7:30 A. M.
No. 461, 9:30 A. M.
No. 463, 11:30 A. M.
No. 465, 1:30 P. M.
No. 467, 3:30 P. M.
No. 469, 5:30 P. M.
No. 471, 7:30 P. M.
No. 473, 9:30 P. M.
No. 475, 11:30 P. M.
No. 477, 1:30 A. M.
No. 479, 3:30 A. M.
No. 481, 5:30 A. M.
No. 483, 7:30 A. M.
No. 485, 9:30 A. M.
No. 487, 11:30 A. M.
No. 489, 1:30 P. M.
No. 491, 3:30 P. M.
No. 493, 5:30 P. M.
No. 495, 7:30 P. M.
No. 497, 9:30 P. M.
No. 499, 11:30 P. M.
No. 501, 1:30 A. M.
No. 503, 3:30 A. M.
No. 505, 5:30 A. M.
No. 507, 7:30 A. M.
No. 509, 9:30 A. M.
No. 511, 11:30 A. M.
No. 513, 1:30 P. M.
No. 515, 3:30 P. M.
No. 517, 5:30 P. M.
No. 519, 7:30 P. M.
No. 521, 9:30 P. M.
No. 523, 11:30 P. M.
No. 525, 1:30 A. M.
No. 527, 3:30 A. M.
No. 529, 5:30 A. M.
No. 531, 7:30 A. M.
No. 533, 9:30 A. M.
No. 535, 11:30 A. M.
No. 537, 1:30 P. M.
No. 539, 3:30 P. M.
No. 541, 5:30 P. M.
No. 543, 7:30 P. M.
No. 545, 9:30 P. M.
No. 547, 11:30 P. M.
No. 549, 1:30 A. M.
No. 551, 3:30 A. M.
No. 553, 5:30 A. M.
No. 555, 7:30 A. M.
No. 557, 9:30 A. M.
No. 559, 11:30 A. M.
No. 561, 1:30 P. M.
No. 563, 3:30 P. M.
No. 565, 5:30 P. M.
No. 567, 7:30 P. M.
No. 569, 9:30 P. M.
No. 571, 11:30 P. M.
No. 573, 1:30 A. M.
No. 575, 3:30 A. M.
No. 577, 5:30 A. M.
No. 579, 7:30 A. M.
No. 581, 9:30 A. M.
No. 583, 11:30 A. M.
No. 585, 1:30 P. M.
No. 587, 3:30 P. M.
No. 589, 5:30 P. M.
No. 591, 7:30 P. M.
No. 593, 9:30 P. M.
No. 595, 11:30 P. M.
No. 597, 1:30 A. M.
No. 599, 3:30 A. M.
No. 601, 5:30 A. M.
No. 603, 7:30 A. M.
No. 605, 9:30 A. M.
No. 607, 11:30 A. M.
No. 609, 1:30 P. M.
No. 611, 3:30 P. M.
No. 613, 5:30 P. M.
No. 615, 7:30 P. M.
No. 617, 9:30 P. M.
No. 619, 11:30 P. M.
No. 621, 1:30 A. M.
No. 623, 3:30 A. M.
No. 625, 5:30 A. M.
No. 627, 7:30 A. M.
No. 629, 9:30 A. M.
No. 631, 11:30 A. M.
No. 633, 1:30 P. M.
No. 635, 3:30 P. M.
No. 637, 5:30 P. M.
No. 639, 7:30 P. M.
No. 641, 9:30 P. M.
No. 643, 11:30 P. M.
No. 645, 1:30 A. M.
No. 647, 3:30 A. M.
No. 649, 5:30 A. M.
No. 651, 7:30 A. M.
No. 653, 9:30 A. M.
No. 655, 11:30 A. M.
No. 657, 1:30 P. M.
No. 659, 3:30 P. M.
No. 661, 5:30 P. M.
No. 663, 7:30 P. M.
No. 665, 9:30 P. M.
No. 667, 11:30 P. M.
No. 669, 1:30 A. M.
No. 671, 3:30 A. M.
No. 673, 5:30 A. M.
No. 675, 7:30 A. M.
No. 677, 9:30 A. M.
No. 679, 11:30 A. M.
No. 681, 1:30 P. M.
No. 683, 3:30 P. M.
No. 685, 5:30 P. M.
No. 687, 7:30 P. M.
No. 689, 9:30 P. M.
No. 691, 11:30 P. M.
No. 693, 1:30 A. M.
No. 695, 3:30 A. M.
No. 697, 5:30 A. M.
No. 699, 7:30 A. M.
No. 701, 9:30 A. M.
No. 703, 11:30 A. M.
No. 705, 1:30 P. M.
No. 707, 3:30 P. M.
No. 709, 5:30 P. M.
No. 711, 7:30 P. M.
No. 713, 9:30 P. M.
No. 715, 11:30 P. M.
No. 717, 1:30 A. M.
No. 719, 3:30 A. M.
No. 721, 5:30 A. M.
No. 723, 7:30 A. M.
No. 725, 9:30 A. M.
No. 727, 11:30 A. M.
No. 729, 1:30 P. M.
No. 731, 3:30 P. M.
No. 733, 5:30 P. M.
No. 735, 7:30 P. M.
No. 737, 9:30 P. M.
No. 739, 11:30 P. M.
No. 741, 1:30 A. M.
No. 743, 3:30 A. M.
No. 745, 5:30 A. M.
No. 747, 7:30 A. M.
No. 749, 9:30 A. M.
No. 751, 11:30 A. M.
No. 753, 1:30 P. M.
No. 755, 3:30 P. M.
No. 757, 5:30 P. M.
No. 759, 7:30 P. M.
No. 761, 9:30 P. M.
No. 763, 11:30 P. M.
No. 765, 1:30 A. M.
No. 767, 3:30 A. M.
No. 769, 5:30 A. M.
No. 771, 7:30 A. M.
No. 773, 9:30 A. M.
No. 775, 11:30 A. M.
No. 777, 1:30 P. M.
No. 779, 3:30 P. M.
No. 781, 5:30 P. M.
No. 783, 7:30 P. M.
No. 785, 9:30 P. M.
No. 787, 11:30 P. M.
No. 789, 1:30 A. M.
No. 791, 3:30 A. M.
No. 793, 5:30 A. M.
No. 795, 7:30 A. M.
No. 797, 9:30 A. M.
No. 799, 11:30 A. M.
No. 801, 1:30 P. M.
No. 803, 3:30 P. M.
No. 805, 5:30 P. M.
No. 807, 7:30 P. M.
No. 809, 9:30 P. M.
No. 811, 11:30 P. M.
No. 813, 1:30 A. M.
No. 815, 3:30 A. M.
No. 817, 5:30 A. M.
No. 819, 7:30 A. M.
No. 821, 9:30 A. M.
No. 823, 11:30 A. M.
No. 825, 1:30 P. M.
No. 827, 3:30 P. M.
No. 829, 5:30 P. M.
No. 831, 7:30 P. M.
No. 833, 9:30 P. M.
No. 835, 11:30 P. M.
No. 837, 1:30 A. M.
No. 839, 3:30 A. M.
No. 841, 5:30 A. M.
No. 843, 7:30 A. M.
No. 845, 9:30 A. M.
No. 847, 11:30 A. M.
No. 849, 1:30 P. M.
No. 851, 3:30 P. M.
No. 853, 5:30 P. M.
No. 855, 7:30 P. M.
No. 857, 9:30 P. M.
No. 859, 11:30 P. M.
No. 861, 1:30 A. M.
No. 863, 3:30 A. M.
No. 865, 5:30 A. M.
No. 867, 7:30 A. M.
No. 869, 9:30 A. M.
No. 871, 11:30 A. M.
No. 873, 1:30 P. M.
No. 875, 3:30 P. M.
No. 877, 5:30 P. M.
No. 879, 7:30 P. M.
No. 881, 9:30 P. M.
No. 883, 11:30 P. M.
No. 885, 1:30 A. M.
No. 887, 3:30 A. M.
No. 889, 5:30 A. M.
No. 891, 7:30 A. M.
No. 893, 9:30 A. M.
No. 895, 11:30 A. M.
No. 897, 1:30 P. M.
No. 899, 3:30 P. M.
No. 901, 5:30 P. M.
No. 903, 7:30 P. M.
No. 905, 9:30 P. M.
No. 907, 11:30 P. M.
No. 909, 1:30 A. M.
No. 911, 3:30 A. M.
No. 913, 5:30 A. M.
No. 915, 7:30 A. M.
No. 917, 9:30 A. M.
No. 919, 11:30 A. M.
No. 921, 1:30 P. M.
No. 923, 3:30 P. M.
No. 925, 5:30 P. M.
No. 927, 7:30 P. M.
No. 929, 9:30 P. M.
No. 931, 11:30 P. M.
No. 933, 1:30 A. M.
No. 935, 3:30 A. M.
No. 937, 5:30 A. M.
No. 939, 7:30 A. M.
No. 941, 9:30 A. M.
No. 943, 11:30 A. M.
No. 945, 1:30 P. M.
No. 947, 3:30 P. M.
No. 949, 5:30 P. M.
No. 951, 7:30 P. M.
No. 953, 9:30 P. M.
No. 955, 11:30 P. M.
No. 957, 1:30 A. M.
No. 959, 3:30 A. M.
No. 961, 5:30 A. M.
No. 963, 7:30 A. M.
No. 965, 9:30 A. M.
No. 967, 11:30 A. M.
No. 969, 1:30 P. M.
No. 971, 3:30 P. M.
No. 973, 5:30 P. M.
No. 975, 7:30 P. M.
No. 977, 9:30 P. M.
No. 979, 11:30 P. M.
No. 981, 1:30 A. M.
No. 983, 3:30 A. M.
No. 985, 5:30 A. M.
No. 987, 7:30 A. M.
No. 989, 9:30 A. M.
No. 991, 11:30 A. M.
No. 993, 1:30 P. M.
No. 995, 3:30 P. M.
No. 997, 5:30 P. M.
No. 999, 7:30 P. M.
No. 1001, 9:30 P. M.
No. 1003, 11:30 P. M.
No. 1005, 1:30 A. M.
No. 1007, 3:30 A. M.
No. 1009, 5:30 A. M.
No. 1011, 7:30 A. M.
No. 1013, 9:30 A. M.
No. 1015, 11:30 A. M.
No. 1017, 1:30 P. M.
No. 1019, 3:30 P. M.
No. 1021, 5:30 P. M.
No. 1023, 7:30 P. M.
No. 1025, 9:30 P. M.
No. 1027, 11:30 P. M.
No. 1029, 1:30 A. M.
No. 1031, 3:30 A. M.
No. 1033, 5:30 A. M.
No. 1035, 7:30 A. M.
No. 1037, 9:30 A. M.
No. 1039, 11:30 A. M.
No. 1041, 1:30 P. M.
No. 1043, 3:30 P. M.
No. 1045, 5:30 P. M.
No. 1047, 7:30 P. M.
No. 1049, 9:30 P. M.
No. 1051, 11:30 P. M.
No. 1053, 1:30 A. M.
No. 1055, 3:30 A. M.
No. 1057, 5:30 A. M.
No. 1059, 7:30 A. M.
No. 1061, 9:30 A. M.
No. 1063, 11:30 A. M.
No. 1065, 1:30 P. M.
No. 1067, 3:30 P. M.
No. 1069, 5:30 P. M.
No. 1071, 7:30 P. M.
No. 1073, 9:30 P. M.
No. 1075, 11:30 P. M.
No. 1077, 1:30 A. M.
No. 1079, 3:30 A. M.
No. 1081, 5:30 A. M.
No. 1083, 7:30 A. M.
No. 1085, 9:30 A. M.
No. 1087, 11:30 A. M.
No. 1089, 1:30 P. M.
No. 1091, 3:30 P. M.
No. 1093, 5:30 P. M.
No. 1095, 7:30 P. M.
No. 1097, 9:30 P. M.
No. 1099, 11:30 P. M.
No. 1101, 1:30 A. M.
No. 1103, 3:30 A. M.
No. 1105, 5:30 A. M.
No. 1107, 7:30 A. M.
No. 1109, 9:30 A. M.
No. 1111, 11:30 A. M.
No. 1113, 1:30 P. M.
No. 1115, 3:30 P. M.
No. 1117, 5:30 P. M.
No. 1119, 7:30 P. M.
No. 1121, 9:30 P. M.
No. 1123, 11:30 P. M.
No. 1125, 1:30 A. M.
No. 1127, 3:30 A. M.
No. 1129, 5:30 A. M.
No. 1131, 7:30 A. M.
No. 1133, 9:30 A. M.
No. 1135, 11:30 A. M.
No. 1137, 1:30 P. M.
No. 1139, 3:30 P. M.
No. 1141, 5:30 P. M.
No. 1143, 7:30 P. M.
No. 1145, 9:30 P. M.
No. 1147, 11:30 P. M.
No. 1149, 1:30 A. M.
No. 1151, 3:30 A. M.
No. 1153, 5:30 A. M.
No. 1155, 7:30 A. M.
No. 1157, 9:30 A. M.
No. 1159, 11:30 A. M.
No. 1161, 1:30 P. M.
No. 1163, 3:30 P. M.
No. 1165, 5:30 P. M.
No. 1167, 7:30 P. M.
No. 1169, 9:30 P. M.
No. 1171, 11:30 P. M.
No. 1173, 1:30 A. M.
No. 1175, 3:30 A. M.
No. 1177, 5:30 A. M.
No. 1179, 7:30 A. M.
No. 1181, 9:30 A. M.
No. 1183, 11:30 A. M.
No. 1185, 1:30 P. M.
No. 1187, 3:30 P. M.
No. 1189, 5:30 P. M.
No. 1191, 7:30 P. M.
No. 1193, 9:30 P. M.
No. 1195, 11:30 P. M.
No. 1197, 1:30 A. M.
No. 1199, 3:30 A. M.
No. 1201, 5:30 A. M.
No. 1203, 7:30 A. M.
No. 1205, 9:30 A. M.
No. 1207, 11:30 A. M.
No. 1209, 1:30 P. M.
No. 1211, 3:30 P. M.
No. 1213, 5:30 P. M.
No. 1215, 7:30 P. M.
No. 1217, 9:30 P. M.
No. 1219, 11:30 P. M.
No. 1221, 1:30 A. M.
No. 1223, 3:30 A. M.
No. 1225, 5:30 A. M.
No. 1227, 7:30 A. M.
No. 1229, 9:30 A. M.
No. 1231, 11:30 A. M.
No. 1233, 1:30 P. M.
No. 1235, 3:30 P. M.
No. 1237, 5:30 P. M.
No. 1239, 7:30 P. M.
No. 1241, 9:30 P. M.
No. 1243, 11:30 P. M.
No. 1245, 1:30 A. M.
No. 1247, 3:30 A. M.
No. 1249, 5:30 A. M.
No. 1251, 7:30 A. M.
No. 1253, 9:30 A. M.
No. 1255, 11:30 A. M.
No. 1257, 1:30 P. M.
No. 1259, 3:30 P. M.
No. 1261, 5:30 P. M.
No. 1263, 7:30 P. M.
No. 1265, 9:30 P. M.
No. 1267, 11:30 P. M.
No. 1269, 1:30 A. M.
No. 1271, 3:30 A. M.
No. 1273, 5:30 A. M.
No. 1275, 7:30 A. M.
No. 1277, 9:30 A. M.
No. 1279, 11:30 A. M.
No. 1281, 1:30 P. M.
No. 1283, 3:30 P. M.
No. 1285, 5:30 P. M.
No. 1287, 7:30 P. M.
No. 1289, 9:30 P. M.
No. 1291, 11:30 P. M.
No. 1293, 1:30 A. M.
No. 1295, 3:30 A. M.
No. 1297, 5:30 A. M.
No. 1299, 7:30 A. M.
No. 1301, 9:30 A. M.
No. 1303, 11:30 A. M.
No. 1305, 1:30 P. M.
No. 1307, 3:30 P. M.
No. 1309, 5:30 P. M.
No. 1311,

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Latest Intelligence From All Parts of the World.

The low steamer James A. Blackmore was sunk at Buck's Landing, four miles below Cincinnati. The crew of sixteen men narrowly escaped drowning.

Charles Mayers, a brakeman on the "Frisco" road, was shot and killed near Hiteby, Mo., by a man named Blunt.

Severe blizzards were reported from different states, east and west.

Sophia Gunzberg, who was condemned to die for participation in a plot to kill the czar, has been tortured in prison to compel her to implicate her accomplices.

Claude McCarthy, aged 13 years, and John Mahar, aged 12, while skating on Muskegon Lake, Mich., broke through the ice and were drowned. Both bodies were recovered.

Prof. Koch, of Berlin, denied that his lymph was in the smallest degree dangerous to life, provided it was employed in reasonable quantities. He ascribed all the deaths that had occurred to improper doses and asserted that neither he nor his assistants had caused a single death.

Thirty persons have been frozen to death while crossing Russian steppes.

Five members of one family were suffocated by gas from a coal stove in Osterburg, Saxony.

An awful catastrophe occurred at sea off China. The steamer Shanghai, when off Wu Hu, caught fire and was totally destroyed. On board were sixty-five passengers, who leaped from the deck. They are all believed to have been drowned.

Chief of Police Kittrell was shot dead at Gainesville, Ga., by Bob Pruitt, a negro. Policeman Towery then shot and killed Pruitt. Pruitt's daughter had insulted a white lady, and the tragedy grew out of an attempt to arrest him.

William Carnavan, a wealthy resident of Birmingham, N. Y., was thrown from his cutter and instantly killed.

Nineteen Italians were arrested by the Pittsburg, Pa., police for passing counterfeit silver dollars. About one thousand dollars in counterfeit coin was captured.

John Frick, of Johnstown, Pa., while out gunning, accidentally shot and killed his seven-year-old boy.

Two workmen were killed by an explosion in the works of a powder company at Hopatcong, N. J.

At a rifle contest in Millington, Pa., Oscar Conrad, a spectator, was shot through the head and instantly killed by Samuel Dunn.

Peter Grant, a brakeman, was killed in a collision at St. Thomas, Ont.

Ed Gallagher and John Oliver engaged in a dispute over a girl at Center Furnace, Ohio, and both were killed.

General Charles S. Taylor, of Mount Holly, N. J., committed suicide by drowning himself.

James Walker was shot and killed at Philadelphia by Watchman Bulz.

The schooner Mary Ellen was lost in Chesapeake Bay with her crew of six men.

In a saloon row at Danville, Va., Edward Enoch killed James Gravett.

Ellis G. Hard, cashier of a bank in Lincoln, Pa., allowed Franklin W. Hull, a depositor, to overdraw his account \$14,000. Both men were sentenced to five years in prison.

During a family row at Negawee, Mich., T. J. Nord was struck on the head and killed by Gustav Johnson, who escaped.

Daniel Brannan, while intoxicated, set fire to his bank in the Emmetsburg (Pa.) jail and was fatally burned.

Street graders at Pierre, S. D., uncovered an ancient Indian burying ground. Many interesting relics and implements of Indian warfare were unearthed.

A freight train was derailed near New Vienna, O. Eighteen cars were wrecked. Two tramps are supposed to be under the debris.

Joseph Baker got drunk in Steelville, Mo., and rode his horse madly through Main street. The animal ran over Charles W. Coppedge, a cripple, crushing his skull. He lived but a few minutes. Baker was placed in jail.

Four shots were heard in rapid succession in an alley at Lima, O., and Joseph Cahill was found mortally wounded. He will not give any information to the police.

Pat Fahey and Cornelius Sullivan quarreled over the Larnell situation, at Lexington, Ky. Fahey struck Sullivan with an ax-handle, when the latter cut Fahey's throat and stabbed him. Fahey died instantly and Sullivan fled.

Mrs. Nellie Veasey was hanged in London, England, for the murder of Mrs. Hogg and her baby. The crowd outside the prison wall set up a loud cheer when the black flag, showing that the woman was hanging on the scaffold, was hoisted.

At Elgin, Kas., the City Marshal attempted to arrest John Davis, a tough. Davis attacked the officer, who shot Davis through the head.

Kinch Freeman, a negro, charged with the murder of N. B. Atkins and his aged mother, was hanged in his cell in the jail at Waton, N. C., by a party of masked men.

Henry Donnelly, a Brooklyn shoemaker, stabbed his wife to death because she refused to live with him.

Eliza Crafton, a young girl, committed suicide at St. Louis. She had been evading for associating with questionable companions.

Five negroes, who were arrested for the murder of Dr. E. H. Riggan, in Mecklenburg county, Va., and committed to jail, were taken from jail and lynched.

H. A. Macy, a senior medical student, died at Ann Arbor, Mich., from the result of injuries received while coasting.

Marshall Jeff D. Haynes was killed by George Wells at Monticello, Ark. This tragedy is traced to an overabundance of red liquor under Wells' vest.

The engine boiler in a sawmill at Newport, Ark., burst, killing two men and seriously injuring three others.

Willie Sleazak, aged 13, of Iowa City, fatally shot himself while handling a gun.

James Booth, a farmer at New Comerstown, O., was shot by Henry Worley, one of his hands.

In a row at Chillicothe, Ky., a tough named James Parton was killed.

Miss Annie Smith, a patient at St. Vincent's Insane Asylum at St. Louis, committed suicide by hanging herself.

Three little girls broke through the ice into the river at Aurora, Ill., and two were drowned. They were sisters, daughters of Mrs. Kate Meicher.

A genuine robbery cave was discovered at South Haven, Mich., in which a quantity of goods stolen at the time of the disastrous fire in that place was found.

Bob Anderson, a deputy sheriff, was killed by L. L. Smith, a planter, near Arcola, Miss. The difficulty grew out of a bill for costs of court.

Frank Vinson killed a man named Agent at Haddock, Ky. He knocked him down with a stone and then brained him with an ax.

John Henry Orrelt was found guilty of the murder of Miran, Antist at Gads Hill, Mo., July 18, 1885, and was sentenced to be hanged Friday, February 27, 1901.

At Burlington, Ia., John Ackman, 74 years of age, a citizen of Columbus, O., fell down an elevator shaft. He died of his injuries.

Wilbur Flynn, who has been on trial at Kalamazoo on charge of assaulting Lizzie Schrader, was convicted.

Petroleum has been struck in an artesian well at Chinook, Mont., at a depth of 815 feet and is flowing in considerable quantity.

Charley Gillard, county commissioner, was waylaid and killed at Haxton, Tex. It is reported that he made a dying statement which implicated several white men in the neighborhood. Gillard was a colored man and defeated J. E. Shooner, a white man, at the last election.

At Carey, O., two oil-well drillers—Henry Wilson and Charles Henderson—were fatally burned. When they struck oil the fluid forced out by a rush of gas spurted all over them.

A passenger train on the Western New York and Pennsylvania railroad jumped the track at Watonsville, Pa., and twenty-one of the thirty-eight passengers on board were more or less injured. The wreck was caused by spreading of the rails. Two passenger-cars and a baggage-car toppled over an eight-foot trestle.

At Branwell, W. Va., during a gambling dispute, a man named Hurdick fatally wounded five of his companions and was himself shot dead.

Therman Semple fell from a nine-story building at Cleveland and was killed.

In a desperate fight between him and Slay, miners, at Pens Creek, Pa., three men and one woman were fatally hurt.

The body of Amelia La Bompard, of Malone, N. Y., was found beside the road frozen stiff. She had started to walk home and had been overcome by the cold.

An eagle seized a four-year-old child belonging to D. Guterz, a Mexican ranchman, and was about to fly away when the mother threw herself upon the bird. It turned upon her, crushing her skull with a blow from its beak. It was afterward shot, but both mother and child were killed.

An escaped convict and noted horse-thief, James Napier, was shot, six miles from Kufala, I. T., while attempting to evade arrest.

Fire was discovered in the roof of J. Martin's home in Azalia, Mich., and aided by a strong wind the flames spread and the whole town was in flames. There were no facilities for checking the flames and the fire had to exhaust itself. Two stores and eighteen dwellings were totally destroyed, with little loss of life.

The death in Chicago of Hermann Darmour, a bright young man of 20, was caused by allowing an orange seed over a year and a half to swell, then decayed and burst a small intestine.

Six fire alarms were turned in at Muskegon, Mich., during a few hours. A perfect kale was blowing, but all the blazes were extinguished without great damage, although at one time it looked as if the heart of the city would be burned out. Entire damage about \$40,000.

At Hawarden, Iowa, the three-year-old son of Ed Sennett set fire to a tool house and perished in the flames.

Patrick Doyle, of Waverly, Iowa, was killed by a fall.

A Union Pacific passenger train was derailed at Holmesville, Neb. Engineer Patton and Bridge Inspector Mercer were badly scalded, the latter fatally.

Rev. John Young, a Presbyterian clergyman, was found dead in bed at Butte, Mont. The coroner's jury rendered a verdict that death resulted from heart disease, due to excessive use of alcoholic stimulants.

A gang of men had been at work on a new railroad in Wayne Co., W. Va., blasting, and several sticks of dynamite had been placed around the fire to thaw out. They exploded, tearing everything to pieces in the immediate vicinity. Two men were killed, an Italian and a negro, names unknown, and ten others injured.

John Heynand, a Baltimore & Ohio switchman, was killed while coupling cars in Chicago. William Saltenville, who was assisting him, had both arms torn off.

During a quarrel on the street in Leavenworth, Kas., Nettie James, colored, shot and killed James Ridgely, a colored miner. The woman was accompanied by a colored man at the time of the shooting and both escaped.

Thomas Plummer, a farmer, suicided by throwing himself in front of a passenger train running at the rate of fifty miles an hour along the Little Arkansas river, near Wichita, Kas.

Physicians continued their experiments by inoculating eighteen patients at New York hospital with Dr. Koch's lymph. Two weeks have not yet elapsed since the doctors began work with the lymph, and already one of the lupus cases showed great improvement in a general way that he might be called cured.

Jeremiah Woodruff, of Derby, Conn., was strangled to death by a piece of orange lodged in his throat. He leaves an estate valued at \$100,000.

There were four rounds fought between two pugilists at Irving, N. Y. The inner history of the affair shows that it was to settle a bet between a clerk at a hotel, who had recently fallen heir to \$14,000, and who lost \$7,000, his diamond pin and his gold watch for the result.

Charles T. Arnio, the wealthiest resident of Albuquerque, N. M., committed suicide by shooting himself through the heart. He had been falling mentally and physically for some time.

Bert Cadwallader shot and killed Jasper Lutz in the latter's saloon of Manchester, O., and fled, pursued by a hundred men, some of whom fired at him whenever within range. Finding he could not escape Cadwallader shot and killed himself.

James Perrin, of Floyd County, Iowa, was arrested and fined \$50 for whipping his adopted child with a horsewhip. He cut off a piece of the boy's nose.

At Cordova, in the Argentine Republic, the canal burst its embankments and destroyed hundreds of houses. One hundred lives are reported to be lost.

John Gamble, living near Higginsville, Mo., was called to his door by a stranger who asked Gamble to direct him to the house of a friend in the neighborhood. As Mr. Gamble turned to direct the stranger the latter shot him in the back and then escaped. No reason is known for the attempted assassination.

Jack, who is a half-cutter, though not a barber, has swooped down on Chicago. He invaded the home of pretty Mrs. Stoner, on North Lincoln street, and after a fierce fight clocked her into unconsciousness and stripped her of her splendid brown hair.

Frank Robinson, a merchant at Hazelton, Kas., was murdered while out hunting.

THE NOBLE RED MAN.

A LIVELY SKIRMISH BETWEEN INDIANS AND SCOUTS.

The Fire Record—Shot by a Marshal—Other Condensed Telegraphic News From All Points.

The Indians.

The weather is bleak and cold, and the ground and rivers are frozen over. The question of peace or a conflict with the hostiles will be decided within the next few days, with the chances much towards a conflict. A company of Cheyenne scouts is engaged at the mouth of Hatt Creek, S. D. Two attempts were made by the hostiles, who numbered about eighty, to break into the camp. The first attack was made by only a few of the Indians, who were quickly repulsed with a loss of two killed and several wounded. Three of the Cheyenne scouts were wounded, and it is thought that one is fatally hurt. The second attack was made after dark by what was supposed to be the whole band, who were led by Kicking Bear himself. Volley after volley was fired on both sides. None of the Cheyenne scouts were wounded. It is not known how many of the hostiles were killed, but judging from the reports of one of the scouts there must have been several killed, as he says he heard several shots hit in the Sioux language that they were hit. Troops were sent to the scene and repulsed everything quiet and no hostiles in sight.

Four battalions of the Seventh Cavalry were ordered out and left Pine Ridge Agency, S. D., to help Col. Henry capture Sitting Bull's fleeing band. The latter camped on the White River recently. Two Hotchkiss guns accompany the expedition. The start was made in a blinding sand-storm.

The Text of the Document.

In regard to the World's Fair, President Harrison has issued the following:

A PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS, Satisfactory proof has been presented to me that provision has been made for adequate grounds and buildings for the use of the World's Columbian Exposition, and that a sum not less than \$10,000,000, to be used and expended for the purposes of said Exposition, has been provided in accordance with the conditions and requirements of Section 10 of an act entitled, "An act to provide for celebrating the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus, by holding an International Exhibition of arts, industries, manufactures, and the products of the soil, mine and sea, in the city of Chicago, in the state of Illinois," approved April 23, 1890.

Now, therefore, I, Benjamin Harrison, president of the United States, by virtue of the authority vested in me by said act, do hereby declare and proclaim that such International Exhibition will be opened on the first day of May, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-three, in the city of Chicago, in the state of Illinois, and will not be closed before the last Thursday in October of the same year, and in the name of the government and of the people of the United States, I do hereby invite all the nations of the earth to take part in an event that is pre-eminent in human history and of lasting interest to mankind by appointing representatives thereto, and sending such exhibits to the World's Columbian Exposition as will most fully and fully illustrate their resources, their industries and their progress in civilization.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done in the City of Washington, this twenty-fourth day of December, one thousand eight hundred and ninety, and in the independence the one hundred and fiftieth.

(Seal) BENJAMIN HARRISON. By the President: JAMES G. BLAINE, Secretary of State.

Three Lives Sacrificed.

A horrible tragedy was enacted in the residence of John Spearman at Shakopee, Minn. When and why no one knows. George Russell, a grandson of Mr. Spearman, was absent from school several days, and Mrs. Griffin, a neighbor, seeing no signs of him, went to his home, instructed her son to go with Mr. Altman to the house. They went there, found the doors closed, but unlocked, entered and found three corpses. Mrs. Spearman lay in the first room, with her hands clutching some mail. There was a terrible cut in her head, her scalp was partly torn off, and the floor was stained with blood. In the next room John Spearman was sitting with his bare feet resting on the stove hearth, his head thrown back and resting on the chair-back. He was dead. There were no signs of violence on his person. Upstairs lying on a shakedown nicely covered lay the dead form of the grandson, George Russell. There was blood on the pillow, but the wound was not seen, as the corner was not present, and everything was left undisturbed. The woman and boy must have been killed by a sharp and heavy instrument. Spearman's life must have been ended by an opiate. There are an ax and a hatchet in the house. Neither has bloodstains. The deed must have been done several days ago. Hats have gnawed at the fingers of Mr. and Mrs. Spearman. The sheriff is in charge of the premises.

Parnell Knocked Out.

The elections in Ireland were held, and Parnell practically conceded that his candidature is untenable. He estimates Home's majority at 200. He says it will be at least 1,000, while Davitt feels sure of 1,000. Both sides agree that scarcely two-thirds of the total registered vote was polled. The Tories stopping away from the polls almost to a man.

It was an exciting day, replete with petty turfs. The woman and boy, except in one instance there was no serious violence. Parnell takes his defeat calmly and says it will not change his determination to fight his constituency seat by seat.

There is some talk about Parnell going personally to Paris to meet O'Brien. The anti-Parnellites say O'Brien will entertain no proposal of a compromise which visits vengeance on any single Irish member who has opposed Parnell. The chances of any amicable agreement being reached are remote.

Killed for Slandering a Woman.

John Irvine, a ranchman living near Salt Lake, Col., on the Arkansas river, seems to have had a mania for slandering the women living around him, his latest freak being to accuse one of his neighbors' daughters of improper intimacy with a negro that has lived in their family a number of years. As the young lady in question is one of the most respected of the neighbors, Irvine was in the act of signing a paper making full denial when some unknown person fired a shot through the window, instantly killing Irvine, the ball passing through his heart.

Fatal Fire at Holden, Mo.

The house of Samuel Malone at Holden, Mo., burned to the ground. As the firemen arrived on the scene one side of the house fell out, and by the light of the fire they saw Mr. Malone and John Hicks, his brother-in-law, crawling towards a door in their bed room, attempting to escape. Then the roof fell in and the unfortunate men were hidden from sight. Their charred bodies were found in the ruins. Malone was an old soldier drawing a pension and always kept more or less money in his house. It is believed he and Hicks were drugged, the house robbed and then set on fire.

Beats on the Warpath.

A rancher just arrived in great haste from a camp near Daly's ranch to the commanding officer at Rapid City, S. D., reports that a command of cavalry was attacked and two officers and fifty men killed, but the Indians were repulsed with heavy losses. The number of Indians killed is not known. The Indians were put to rout. This report is probably correct. It is not known whose command it was. It is probably that of Maj. Tupper of the Sixth Cavalry and his three troops of 140 men. The command at Rapid City has been ordered to their assistance. Indians of the ranches near Chico, Cal., have commenced the Me-shah or ghost dance. Remnants of all the tribes remaining in Butte County, numbering some 300 Indians, are participating. The dance is held each year about January, but was hastened this year by strange Indians who came from Nevada and told the tribes that their brethren in the East were dancing, that the Me-shah would surely come, and that the Indians would soon rule California again. The Indians are civilized, attend the schools, and have a chapel for services. They find employment in town and on the ranches. They have an imported Indian who acts as the Me-shah.

Horrible Explosion.

A horrible explosion occurred at the New Jersey Steel and Iron Works at Trenton, N. J., and five men were probably fatally injured.

A "cinder" or mass of molten iron which had just been taken from the furnace at white heat, exploded. When the iron is taken from the furnace there are men standing ready with buckets full of water to throw over it for the purpose of cooling it. This is done only upon the order of the man in charge of the furnace, who is the judge of the proper time for the use of the water.

Michael Funda threw the water too soon. No sooner had the water struck the molten mass than the hot iron exploded with a loud report, and chunks of iron weighing hundreds of pounds flew in all directions. The men were knocked down, and their clothing and flesh were set on fire. Funda had his eyes burned out and a large hole burned in his neck and body. George Lintal also badly burned. Michael Gossula is so horribly burned as to be unrecognizable, and Michael Goeppel has a gash in his abdomen, and can hardly recover.

The fifth man is a German, and it is impossible to learn how badly he is injured. It is reported that several others were injured by the same explosion.

Two Killed and Two Badly Hurt.

Two men were killed and two badly hurt in a collision at the stock yards in Chicago. One of the men was killed, and the other was badly hurt. The men were killed by a collision with a train.

A force of forty men was employed in the work. The old building was being torn down to make room for a new warehouse. Working by electric light all night, the men had safely taken down all the wall except a section twenty-five feet high and thirty feet long. When preparations were being made to pull this over it came crashing down with hardly an instant's warning. Some men were caught under the falling wall, and were killed or badly injured. The men were removed to their homes.

The land office at Wausau, Wis., opened promptly at 9 o'clock in the morning. In consequence of the recent act of Congress which opens a quantity of land in Northern Wisconsin to settlers, it was found necessary to call out the Light Guard on the previous evening to take guard in the morning. The soldiers marched to the courthouse and began patrolling the grounds of the public square.

The first-comers received many valuable claims. Forty-three applications were filed up to noon.

Miss Mamie Richardson, daughter of Gen. Richardson, of Chillicothe, Pa., fought heroically, and when she reached the desk her hat was gone and her hair disheveled, but she got a grant worth \$3,000. Another lady in the rush was Miss Joan of Hayward. Two men fainted and were laid out. The rush is still in progress.

The outgoing trains carried away hundreds of people, many of whom, daunted by the long line in which they could only get positions at the end, left without putting in a claim.

A sad occurrence is reported at Selmer Lake, in Holstein, Prussia. Twelve girls were crossing the lake on the ice, when the ice suddenly gave way beneath them and all were drowned.

A violent storm prevailed at Toulon, France. A number of vessels were forced to take refuge in the harbor. A French brig foundered and five of the crew were drowned.

The German government has decided to grant Professor Koch 1,000,000 marks, and his assistants half a million marks, for the privilege of manufacturing the Koch lymph, besides a large share in the profits.

A fatal accident occurred at Kollin, Germany. The boys of a school were out skating when the ice broke under their weight and fourteen of them fell into the water. Five were drowned before assistance could reach them.

Sensational Suicide at Hot Springs.

Mrs. Minnie Bell committed suicide at Hot Springs, Ark., by taking morphine. She was about 20 years of age, tall and handsome. Her husband had just returned from Nashville, Tenn., where he is believed to have had a quarrel with her. She was found dead in her bed, and had been carried on a secret mission. Mr. Lee Kirkpatrick, in an interview said: "She was murdered—murdered. She was ruined by a prominent citizen—a high official of Garland county. She left a note written to him and I have a lot of letters from him to her, but I do not wish to make them public as yet. No, I will not give his name, but there can be no doubt of what he said. She separated from her husband last summer."

Sheriff R. A. Williams is supposed to be the man in the case.

Fatal Fire at Holden, Mo.

The house of Samuel Malone at Holden, Mo., burned to the ground. As the firemen arrived on the scene one side of the house fell out, and by the light of the fire they saw Mr. Malone and John Hicks, his brother-in-law, crawling towards a door in their bed room, attempting to escape. Then the roof fell in and the unfortunate men were hidden from sight. Their charred bodies were found in the ruins. Malone was an old soldier drawing a pension and always kept more or less money in his house. It is believed he and Hicks were drugged, the house robbed and then set on fire.

At British Creek, Ky., five persons were wounded in a general row. Jack Baker received a ball in the left breast, ranging upward and lodging under the shoulder-blade; Andy Mason had his wrist shattered from a ball; a son of Mason had a furrow plowed across his head, just over the left eye; John Anglin received a similar wound; and Anglin's wife was shot in the back. How the fight came up no one has yet been able to learn. All the participants are related by marriage to each other.

The roof in the old Portage tunnel, near Altoona, Pa., caved in, burying several Italians, taking a leg off a negro, and severely injuring a number of others.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS

Doings at the Capitol and Washington Items in General.

Mr. Leach, Director of the Mint, was asked what the Treasury Department would do with all the silver in case the Financial bill, as outlined by the Senate committee, should become a law. His reply was: "We would immediately have to look around for places in which to store the silver dollars coined under the bill. Even now we are somewhat cramped as to room. We would be compelled to ask an appropriation, and a good-sized one, too, to be used in building store-houses in which to put the silver dollars."

Mr. Saelve, the Director of the Post and Telegraph Department of the German Empire, and Capt. Brooks, the Superintendent of Foreign Mails of the Post-Office Department, have concluded with the approval of the Postmaster-General an informal agreement for the establishment of a sea-post office service on all vessels of the German lines plying between New York and Bremen and Hamburg. The agreement has been forwarded by Mr. Saelve to the German Government for approval.

The recommendations of the International American Conference for the establishment of an American monetary union and the issue of a common silver coin have been adopted by all the American Republics except Guatemala, Uruguay, and Paraguay, which have not been heard from. The first meeting of the union takes place at the Department of State, Jan. 7.

The President appointed E. Darwin James of New York, and Phillip C. Garrett of Pennsylvania, to be members of the Board of Indian Commissioners, vice Messrs. W. H. Morgan, resigned, and Clinton B. Fisk, deceased. He also appointed Joseph W. Paddock, of Nebraska, to be Government Director of the Union Pacific railroad company, vice James W. Savage, deceased.

The following named fourth-class post-offices were raised to the third, or Presidential Class: Madelia and West Dumas, Minn.; Delta and Rico, Colo.; Caldwell, Idaho; Hay Springs, Neb.; Dundee, Nebraska; Kelthburgh, Rosebud, Augusta, and Hamilton, Ill.; Dexter and Elkader, Ia.; Centerville, S. D.; Flushing, Howard City and Cheesing, Mich.; Lake Mills and Mayfield, Wis.; Benson, Minn.

Conference reports on public buildings adopted by the Senate authorize the construction of buildings at Norfolk, Va.; Stockton, Cal.; Sioux City, Iowa; Kansas City, Mo.; Taunton, Mass.; Newburgh, N. Y.; and Pawtucket, R. I. The bills are left as they came from the House, which struck out the clauses making appropriations.

The House amendment to the Senate amendment to the urgent deficiency bill, striking out the appropriation for the pay of clerks of senators, was non-concurred in.

In the Senate a bill was passed to establish the record and pension office of the war department.

The conference report on the Sioux Reservation bill was adopted by the Senate.

Senator Cullom introduced the house bill to erect a building to cost \$100,000 at Joliet, Ill.

Captain James Carroll, the delegate to Congress elected by the Territory of Alaska to represent it in the Capitol in company with Senator Mitchell, of Oregon, Mr. Carroll wants to be admitted to a seat on the floor of the house during this session.

Senator Mitchell introduced him to the members of the committee on territories, in favor of whom he desires a hearing in favor of the establishment of a territorial form of government for Alaska.

The House committee on Alcoholic Liquors agreed, with but one dissenting vote, to report favorably a bill to prohibit the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors in the District of Columbia, except for medicinal, mechanical and scientific purposes.

The President sent to the Senate the nomination of Judge Henry H. Brown, of Michigan, to be Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, vice Samuel F. Miller, deceased.

Struck by a Tornado.

A tornado struck the new syndicate town of Harborton, five miles south of Akron, O. The only building destroyed was the new shop of the Creamer Cartridge company. All of the brick work had been finished and carpenters were at work on the ridgepole when the high wind demolished the walls down to the first story in a twinkling and seven men were injured from the building and thrown into the hands of timber and brick. John Triplett of New Portage, aged 20, was instantly killed, being crushed by the fall. The injured are: Frank Stuver, injured internally, his ribs being crushed in the region of the heart; condition critical; Louis Kanna, a leg broken, ribs broken, and shoulder dislocated, may not recover; Leah Lower, injured internally and on back of head; serious; T. F. Homer, leg and arm injured; Frank Hallory, arm injured and shoulder dislocated; Horatio Leir, arm injured and body severely bruised.

THE CAMP FIRE.

INTERESTING READING MATTER OF AND FOR OUR VETERANS.

The Bloody 106th Again—Will Be Rewarded Later On—His Valuable Buckskin—Other Items.

Our Woman Heroes. There are heroes for danger and heroes for war. And heroes there are without chevron or star. Whose monuments rise in no temple of fame. Whose deeds neither herald nor trumpet proclaim.

The mothers who gave their brave sons to the fray. With tears for their pillows, but smiles for the day. The wives with their babies asleep in their arms. Their hearts throbbing fast at the battle alarms.

The girl leaning shy on her young lover's breast. One kiss, 'tis the last ere his soul is at rest; The widow who passed from the freshly-turned sod. To comfort the wounded, or speed them to God.

No soldier e'er answered the call of the drum. But left woman weeping until he should come; No hero e'er died in the heat of the strife. But woman in sorrow hung over his life.

O, brave woman heroes, your faith and your pride. Have urged to the conquest, have cheered those who died; Your prayers have lit the rough paths of defeat. Till glory blazed over the lines of retreat.

When carnage ran reddest and woman was seen. All hearts were uplifted as 'twere to a queen; Now open ranks, comrades, salute her once more. Untitled, unheeded, but dear as of yore!

—Kate Brownlee Sherwood.

The Bloody 106th Again.

Comrade McNamara gave a very graphic account of how his regiment, which was then brigaded with mine, obtained its title of the "Bloody 106th Ill." He may have given the correct explanation, and I can testify to the truth of his statements, but I think the appellation was earned by two exploits, which, with no offense intended, I will now relate.

Shortly after the 106th was torn from its peaceful Illinois home, and placed in the (at that time) still more peaceful camp at Bollivar, Tenn., it so happened that an old mule and an imbecile horse, chained together, grazed innocently about till they neared that part of the picket-line where guards from the 106th were stationed. Hearing in the dead waste and middle of the night the mysterious hoof-falls of the aged couple, and the ominous rattling of the chain by which they were fastened together, the fears of the 106th rose high in their breasts and they fired off their guns and stampeded wildly into camp. The long roll was sounded, the whole garrison was turned out and formed in line of battle, and a detail was sent to find out what was the trouble. They found the trouble, brought it into camp with them, and oh! how mad we were—until we had to laugh.

The other incident which clinched their title for them was when old "Pap" Brahmin, as we called him, took their whole regiment prisoners by the prowess of his single arm. He was commander of the post, and thinking his officers did not exercise sufficient vigilance, he started out one night on a tour of inspection. He tried to get into every other colonel's tent in the brigade, but failed; rode up to a battery and told an orderly to "get right off, now, and spike that gun!" (and came very near getting shot for his pains), and then rode right on up and captured the 106th. He found no guard at the Colonel's tent, so he went in and woke that officer up.

"I'm Gen. Forrest," he announced, "and I've captured this post. You are prisoners of war, now. Get right out here without any noise and form your men in line. Have them stack their guns, and be quick about it, too!"

And the Colonel surrendered and did as he was told to do; then, after they were all in position, they got such a tongue-lashing from old "Pap" Brahmin as no regiment ever got before. And now, in view of the foregoing exploits, I appeal to any fair-minded man to answer, did not that regiment fairly earn its title of the "Bloody 106th Ill."?—P. D. Whitely, 61st Ill.

He'll Be Rewarded Later On.

In January, 1861, a boy 18 years of age, living in a slave state which did not secede, incurred the ill-will of the rebels by his devotion to the Union. He was persecuted all the year, being threatened with death many times. There being no Union troops near, he did not see any until January 1, 1862. Uncle Sam was then engaged in sending slaves back to raise grain, while the rebels fought us; and also in administering the oath of allegiance to rebels (after men and horses had been run down) and turning them loose to shoot us from the bush as soon as they could get a gun and find a convenient hiding place.

Not believing in that way of prosecuting the war, this boy did not then enlist, although he was offered flattering inducements; but he took work without pay as a scout and guide until February, 1863, when he enlisted as a private in the Union army, refusing promotion, and was continued as a scout through the war. In May, 1863, he was desperately wounded while fighting his way out where the command (a small foraging party) had been surrounded by bushwhackers. Nineteen bullets went through his blouse and three through his hat, four of them hitting him. He was left for dead on the field. Notwithstanding

ing the condition he was in, he fired a shot while down, saving the life of another wounded comrade, and both of them got away. The surgeons said he could not possibly live, but he did, and in 1865 was honorably discharged. He is yet alive, but so badly disabled that for much of the time during ten years past he has been unable to put on and off his clothes. After much dilatoriness and many examinations he has at last succeeded in getting \$36 pension per month, though in all candor I think the government has not treated him fairly and with justice, considering his devotion to the Union, and his deplorable condition during all those years. And this is only one of many similar cases of which I have a personal knowledge. —H. L. T.

Fewer Soldiers Desert.

The desertions from the army during the last year were 489 less in number than during the preceding year, and the percentage as compared with the enlisted strength was reduced from 11 to 9 per cent. The heaviest proportionate loss was in the artillery, where it amounted to 11.6 per cent, the infantry losing 9.3 per cent, and the cavalry 9.7 per cent.

Gen. McKeever commends the new laws relative to summary courts and limiting court-martial sentences, and says the adoption of a well-considered code of punishment for all military offenses except those specifically prescribed by the rules and articles of war will undoubtedly remove a great source of irritation and discontent resulting from the present inequality of punishment awarded offenses of a similar nature, but committed at different times and at different posts.

Great progress has been made in the establishment of the canteen system. At present canteens are in successful operation at sixty-eight posts, and during the six months ending June 30, 1890, transacted a business of \$474,626, with a resulting profit of \$88,490. Says Gen. McKeever:

"Some misconception has grown up in the public mind in regard to these institutions, engendered, no doubt, by the generic term used as a designation. Conducted in the American service the canteen is simply a co-operative establishment in which a general business, under careful military supervision, is conducted in the sole behalf of the enlisted men of the army. There can be no question that it has contributed largely to the comfort and contentment of enlisted men, and thereby improved and strengthened discipline throughout the service."

Of the 6,390 accepted recruits 4,052 were native born and 2,338 of foreign birth; 5,875 were white and 515 colored. Seventeen thousand five hundred and sixty-three applicants for enlistment (over 78 per cent of the whole number) were rejected by recruiting officers as lacking the necessary qualifications, either physical, mental, or moral.

Going to Nashville.

In the Camp Fire was a communication from Comrade Dan Knight, anent which I will say that we left Atlanta October 1, 1861. In the afternoon, for Nashville. The first night the train stopped at Big Shanty; rained all night. A locomotive had been thrown from the track two miles north of Big Shanty. On the morning of the 2d we left Big Shanty and night found us within three or four miles of Dalton. Before we got there we heard that the rebel cavalry had destroyed the track. We found two miles of the track turned over and the rails on the bottom of the ties. It did rain all night, but the boys worked hard to turn the track back into place. We left there about 1 o'clock p. m. Not a rebel shot at us that night; not a shot was heard. There was a great deal of noise made, but we heard afterward that the rebel, Gen. Wheeler, arrived there about 2 o'clock the same day we left. We arrived at Chattanooga that afternoon. There was no stopping on account of being shot into by the rebels, as Dan says. After we left Dalton there was a shot fired at the train. On the night of the 3d we stayed at a station called Hooker, about five miles northwest from Chattanooga. The morning of the 4th was probably the time when Comrade Knight was so sleepy that he could not tell whether he was going over the bridge at Whiteside station or riding in the air. I think he must have been dreaming about some of the beautiful Southern girls. On the night of the 4th we remained at Tallahoma, and on the afternoon of the 5th we arrived at Nashville.—Godfrey Jerome, 5th Iowa Inf. and 5th Iowa Cav.

From Girlhood to Womanhood.

Grisham attachments and grisham ideas of men are the silliest things in all the world.

It spolia a girl to get the idea into her head that marriage is the chief end of woman, that education is but a preparation for matrimony, and that accomplishments are nothing but contrivances for catching a husband.

Dreams, imaginations, silly talk and twaddle about men, yearnings for sympathetic hearts, and dandling of precious little thoughts about beaux on the knees of fancy, and all that sort of nonsense should be discarded—thrust out of the sacred precincts of the mind—as if they were so many foul reptiles.

To become a flirt is to metamorphose into a disgusting passion that which by natural constitution is a harmless and useless instinct. This instinct of coquetry, which makes a woman a thing to be won, is not a thing to be cultivated or developed at all. It should be left to itself.

It is not a thing to be harmlessly played with.—J. G. Holland.

FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

INTERESTING ITEMS FOR INTELLIGENT BOYS AND GIRLS.

Appreciate Your Trade—How the King of Nam Chooses His Elephants—Lassoing a Locomotive—Etc., Etc.

Appreciate Your Trade.

A very general misapprehension seems to exist among apprentices as to their duties and the object of their apprenticeships. Nine out of ten consider that the entire object of their novitiate is to acquire a knowledge of the use of the tools of their trade, and facility in their handling, and that, with this acquirement, their trade is learned, and their apprenticeship ended; thus we have so many mechanics who instead of being masters of their trades, have their trades for their masters. The mechanic who can use his tools only under the direction of an overseer has not attained to the mastery of his business, and unless he does he will be all his life long a slave to the contingencies of mechanical demand. It is not to be supposed that every mechanic can be an overseer, but it is competent for every mechanic to be qualified, by his acquired knowledge, for the position, even if he does not possess the necessary natural capabilities to be a leader and a director. Not every skillful workman can manage the affairs of a shop, or direct a body of men, but he understands, as well as those who can, what is necessary to be done, and how it should be done. The market always, with rare exceptions, and under peculiar circumstances, is glutted with unskilled labor, but it is seldom that a really skillful workman can not procure remunerative employment. Such men are always in demand when there is work to be done. An employer prefers an intelligent workman to the most painstaking and faithful laborer who is but an animated machine.

The day's labor should not be regarded by the workman simply as a task, and the hours spent in the shop as so many infringements of his general liberty. If he feels an interest in his work the toll will be a pleasure, and the shop be considered a school. This interest can be created and fostered, by persistent effort, to understand the way of a job, as well as to know the how. All mechanical manipulations are founded on strictly scientific principles, a knowledge of which may be obtained from text books and manuals, and the possession of which will give an interest to what otherwise would be but a monotonous and wearisome drudgery. This knowledge will incite to improvement, and may lead to invention. A workman who is fertile in expedients, ready in emergencies, quick at suggestion, and apt at understanding present requirements, is invaluable in any concern.

Acceptable Boys.

Make a note of it, boys; the qualities included in the above title, by the world in general, as well as the business part of it, are only those which any one of you can cultivate under any and all circumstances. Brilliant talents, comeliness of form or features, wit, smartness, these are not first considerations, or altogether indispensable, when there's a boy wanted.

"What kind of a boy does a business man want?" repeated a shrewd, practical man of many concerns, the other day.

"Well, I will tell you. In the first place, he wants a boy who doesn't know too much; business men generally like to run their own business, and prefer someone who will listen to their way, rather than try to teach them new kinds; second, they want a prompt boy—one who understands 7 o'clock as exactly 7, not ten minutes past; third, an industrious boy, who is not afraid to put in a little extra work in case of need; fourth, an honest boy—honest in his service, as well as in dollars and cents; fifth, a good-natured boy, who will keep his temper, even if his employer does lose his own, now and then."

"But you haven't said a word about his being smart," was suggested.

"Well, to tell the truth," was the rather hesitating answer, "that's about the last thing we worry over. The fact is, if a boy is modest, prompt, pleasant, industrious, and honest, he's about as smart as we care about generally—and that's a fact."

Steamboats on the Mississippi.

In the year 1811 Nicholas J. Roosevelt built a steamboat at Pittsburgh, after first getting a permit from Fulton and Livingston. Fulton furnished the plans for the boat, which was called the New Orleans. It was a stern-wheeler of about 200 tons burden, and was also provided with sails which were used when the wind was fair. The hull of this pioneer Mississippi steamer was 138 feet in length, 30 feet beam, and the cost of the whole, including engines, has been figured at about \$40,000. Roosevelt and his family, with an engineer, pilot and six deck hands, left Pittsburgh October 11, 1811, and reached New Orleans two weeks later. When the New Orleans rode down the Ohio and out into the broad waters of the Mississippi that October morning seventy-nine years ago, she marked a new era in the history of the great West.

Lassoing a Locomotive.

When the Kansas Pacific was first opened, says an old engineer, the Indians were very hostile, and there was constant fear that they would wreck the trains. That they did not is due to their ignorance of the iron horse and of the best methods of destroying it. One of my firemen had an experience with the Cheyennes that he will never forget. He was on the road near Fort Wallace, when he saw that the Indians had cut the telegraph wire, and knew that he might look out for squalls. They were never satisfied with simply cutting the wire, but chopped it into inch pieces with their tomahawks to effectually stop the mysterious messages. As the train came near a large patch of sunflowers which grew on both sides of the track, over one hundred Indians rose up, stretched a strong rope across the track, braced themselves and prepared to receive the shock of the locomotive. As was afterwards learned they had taken rawhide strips, braided them together, and, with a force of fifty at each end of the rope, thought that they would be able to stop the train. The instant the locomotive struck the rope the air was full of Indians. They were thrown in all directions. Some were jerked clear across the track, and more than a dozen were killed or seriously injured. This was the last attempt made for years to stop the trains.

Fishing for Wildcat.

A trout fisherman named Gray Lawrence had an exciting experience on

what is known as the Deep Stillwater of Youngwoman's Creek a few days ago, says the New York Sun. The Deep Stillwater can only be fished in boats, and Lawrence was standing in his boat casting his flies when he saw something swimming across the creek a couple of rods above him. He thought it was a mink and paddled rapidly toward it. As he got within a couple of yards of it Lawrence made the discovery that it was a wildcat.

Without giving the matter a thought he picked up his rod and threw his hook toward the animal. The sharp and barbed point of the hook stuck in one of the wild cat's ears, and plucked it. The pain enraged the cat, and it turned and swam toward the boat. Lawrence paddled away, but the wildcat overtook him and proceeded to climb in. As Lawrence knocked it back with the paddle the movement capsize the boat, and the fisherman found himself floundering in the water by the side of the wildcat, which attacked him.

He had the paddle still in his hand, and he defended himself so well with it that he was able at last to reach the shore. The cat followed. Lawrence was pretty well exhausted, but as he pulled himself out of the water he put all his strength into one tremendous kick, which caught the wildcat on the head and sent it under the surface in a dazed and stunned condition. When it reappeared it showed signs of weakness, but renewed the attack. Lawrence dealt it a few more blows with the paddle and at last killed it.

The wildcat was a large one. Lawrence lost all his fishing tackle and the contents of the boat, a loss the \$2 bounty on the wildcat will not come anywhere near making good.

Acceptable Boys.

Make a note of it, boys; the qualities included in the above title, by the world in general, as well as the business part of it, are only those which any one of you can cultivate under any and all circumstances. Brilliant talents, comeliness of form or features, wit, smartness, these are not first considerations, or altogether indispensable, when there's a boy wanted.

"What kind of a boy does a business man want?" repeated a shrewd, practical man of many concerns, the other day.

"Well, I will tell you. In the first place, he wants a boy who doesn't know too much; business men generally like to run their own business, and prefer someone who will listen to their way, rather than try to teach them new kinds; second, they want a prompt boy—one who understands 7 o'clock as exactly 7, not ten minutes past; third, an industrious boy, who is not afraid to put in a little extra work in case of need; fourth, an honest boy—honest in his service, as well as in dollars and cents; fifth, a good-natured boy, who will keep his temper, even if his employer does lose his own, now and then."

"But you haven't said a word about his being smart," was suggested.

"Well, to tell the truth," was the rather hesitating answer, "that's about the last thing we worry over. The fact is, if a boy is modest, prompt, pleasant, industrious, and honest, he's about as smart as we care about generally—and that's a fact."

Steamboats on the Mississippi.

In the year 1811 Nicholas J. Roosevelt built a steamboat at Pittsburgh, after first getting a permit from Fulton and Livingston. Fulton furnished the plans for the boat, which was called the New Orleans. It was a stern-wheeler of about 200 tons burden, and was also provided with sails which were used when the wind was fair. The hull of this pioneer Mississippi steamer was 138 feet in length, 30 feet beam, and the cost of the whole, including engines, has been figured at about \$40,000. Roosevelt and his family, with an engineer, pilot and six deck hands, left Pittsburgh October 11, 1811, and reached New Orleans two weeks later. When the New Orleans rode down the Ohio and out into the broad waters of the Mississippi that October morning seventy-nine years ago, she marked a new era in the history of the great West.

Lassoing a Locomotive.

When the Kansas Pacific was first opened, says an old engineer, the Indians were very hostile, and there was constant fear that they would wreck the trains. That they did not is due to their ignorance of the iron horse and of the best methods of destroying it. One of my firemen had an experience with the Cheyennes that he will never forget. He was on the road near Fort Wallace, when he saw that the Indians had cut the telegraph wire, and knew that he might look out for squalls. They were never satisfied with simply cutting the wire, but chopped it into inch pieces with their tomahawks to effectually stop the mysterious messages. As the train came near a large patch of sunflowers which grew on both sides of the track, over one hundred Indians rose up, stretched a strong rope across the track, braced themselves and prepared to receive the shock of the locomotive. As was afterwards learned they had taken rawhide strips, braided them together, and, with a force of fifty at each end of the rope, thought that they would be able to stop the train. The instant the locomotive struck the rope the air was full of Indians. They were thrown in all directions. Some were jerked clear across the track, and more than a dozen were killed or seriously injured. This was the last attempt made for years to stop the trains.

Fishing for Wildcat.

A trout fisherman named Gray Lawrence had an exciting experience on

THE NATIVE FROM NODAWAY.

How He Got a Good Square Meal in a St. Louis Restaurant.

He stood at the open door of the restaurant looking at his big watch till his hands both pointed to twelve, then entered with a weary yet determined look on his sunburnt face. "Time dinner was ready!" shouted he, sitting down at the nearest table. "Haven't you got nothin' to eat here but poppers and sars?" he asked of the waiter who handed him a paper and quietly awaited his orders.

"Yes, sir; we can give you just as good as any other place in the city; just read our bill of fare, sir."

"What d'yo s'pose I care about the bill? I didn't come here to loaf around your fair grounds. Our county fair is goin' to open next week, an' I'll bet you a hoss that Nodaway county can get up somethin' that'll lay over anythin' St. Louis can do every time."

"Very likely, sir; but I'm in a hurry; please read that paper and give me your order."

"Well, I'll be switched! I thought 'twas me that was in a hurry. I tell you I didn't come here to read; I want somethin' to eat."

"All right, sir, you shall have it," said the waiter, a new light beginning to dawn on his mind, and in a few minutes a good dinner was on the table.

"See here," growled the old man, pushing the little butter plate away from him, "haven't you got any butter but leavin's?"

"That is good, clean butter, sir, out expressly for you."

A somewhat larger and noater looking piece was brought to him, but he shoved that aside. "What's the matter with bringin' me a pound or so?" asked he angrily; Mary Lizy never thinks of puttin' loss'n that on the table."

The frenzied waiter rushed away and returned with a three-pound roll of butter, which he put down rather apologetically.

"There! that looks more like it," said the countryman. "I guess you mean well enough, young man, but you don't know any better. If some of you city chaps would come up to old Nodaway once, we'd learn you a heap more'n you'll ever find out here."

I don't really s'pose, now, you ever run a self-blinder in your life."

"No," said the crest-fallen waiter, "I don't know as I ever did; they haven't introduced them yet into our St. Louis restaurants."

"Well, I loved they'd never heard of 'em down here—but say, here's a bean in my soup."

"Certainly, sir; it is bean soup, sir."

"Oh, ho! that's it, is it? I thought maybe the bean got dropped in, sort o' accidental like. Guess I'll have some roast beef now; that little dry slab on the plate won't do me any good; bring the whole roast in an' I'll cut it to suit myself. Don't stand back, youngster, I'm able to pay for what little I eat."

The waiter, who now seemed to live only to wait on him, gave a sigh of relief as he saw the old man's face relax into a smile over the huge roast that had just been placed before him.

"Is this cream in this doll's pitcher?" asked he after a while, examining the thin, bluish-white liquid before him; "I'd be afraid to use it, if there was enough of it to hurt a body; but, I tell you, young man, you'd better look out for that cow o' yours, or she'll be on the lift before you know it. I wouldn't be s'prised if she had the milk sick right now, for that milk don't look nat'ral for this time o' year. Yes, I'll take a pie, if that little piece you brought me is a sample of it, but I want a good big one. Is that the best you can do? Well, that ain't any bigger than Mary Lizy's sassa pie, but nothin' down here looks like it ought to. Wish you could see our pies at home—big as a wheel and plump as a pinhead; makes a man fatten up just to think of 'em. I'm goin' back to-morrow; I'd starve to death here, besides dyin' with homesickness."

From among the keys, fish-hooks and buttons in his pocket he pulled out a five-dollar gold piece and handed it to the waiter, saying: "Pay your folks out o' that for my dinner and keep the rest for yourself, youngster, an' if ever you happen up our way, come an' see us, an' we'll show you how folks live up in old Nodaway."

"Texas Sings."

She Didn't Lie.

"Kim in yeh," shouted a woman, as she came to the door of a shanty in Howard Town. "Doan yoh know no bettah'n'er be dancin' dataway, wah'n out yoh shoes 'ginst the sun?"

"Ain't wah'n out ma shoes," was the reply.

"G'way, ohla. Doan try ter 'celve yoh mammy. Did'n I saw yer?"

"I rock'n yoh saw me clah'nuff, but I ain't wah'n out ma shoes."

"Doan lie."

"I ain't. Dese shoes is yoh'n."

Washington Post.

Her Mistake.

"How do you tell when there is any gold in this funny-looking stone?" asked the dear girl who was being shown around the mint by an official.

"Why, we smelt it," he replied. Holding it to her pretty little nose, she remarked very innocently: "Why, I smelt it, too, but I don't see anything about it?" Why, what are you laughing at?"—Boston Traveler.

WISCONSIN NEWS.

—Jake Rosenthal, of Beloit, was arrested, charged with robbing the store of C. D. Johnson.

—Fred W. Lange, treasurer-elect of Milwaukee County, filed his bond, in the sum of \$500,000.

—Edward Waterman, a convict who escaped from the Wisconsin penitentiary, was arrested in Chicago.

—V. A. Bryant, of River Falls, was arrested at Stillwater, Minn., for passing counterfeit money.

—Richard Tracy, charged with the murder of an Italian at Hurley, was acquitted on trial at Ashland.

—John Martin, who killed John Goggins at Oniro last February, was acquitted on the ground of self-defense.

—At Janesville, Albert Williams slid from a fifty-foot ladder and, as he tumbled upon a pickfork, he cannot live.

—At Antigo, Walter Mosher, who shot and killed Philip Maloney, came into court, pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to Waupun for life.

—Elior McKeavitt, one of the three young sandbaggers who robbed Mr. Behrens, of Sheboygan, has disappeared and his bail was declared forfeited.

—The Milwaukee common council elected Henry Hase president to succeed Mayor Somers, and August Dietrich to fill the aldermanic chair vacated by Mr. Somers.

—The great draw span of the wagon bridge at La Crosse was swung into place. It is 412 feet long, which is the longest span of a bridge on the Mississippi river.

—Albert Mueller, of Milwaukee, teamster, is the last victim of the prevailing suicidal mania. His wife found his body hanging in the barn. No reason for self-destruction is known.

—The trial of Mitchell Thomas, a Chippewa Indian, for the murder of David Corbin, another Indian, residing in the Court d'Orillon Reservations, was commenced in the United States court at Madison.

—At La Crosse Mrs. Lelsarling, a widow, 64 years old, fell down the cellar stairs at the home of her son, a merchant of that city, at noon and suffered a concussion which resulted in death at 4 o'clock p. m.

—Owing to the scarcity of labor in Milwaukee the associated charities, which have established a wool yard for the benefit of tramps, finds its winter occupation light. But few men have been sent to the sawbush so far.

—Near Hayward, Ollie Anderson, a Swede, working in the woods for Daniel McLaughlin, was killed by a limb striking him on the head. He came from Hudson, and was about 28 years old. He had friends in Roberts.

—An unknown man, supposed to be David O'Leary, residing either in Chicago or Sugar Grove, Ill., was struck by the limited on the Northwestern at Janesville and instantly killed. He was well dressed but had no money.

—George H. McKenney, agent of the Singer Sewing Machine company, was arrested at Beloit. The company claims that he has stolen over \$800, besides forging fictitious names to contracts on which he received money.

—G. Meisenbrink, A. MacLeith and B. Seltzer, charged with passing forged checks, were arrested at Sheboygan. Bogus paper to the amount of over \$500 was found in their possession.

—Willie Marsh, 15 years old, had his left arm almost severed, at the factory of Bennett & Erwin, in Racine, by a barbed saw. All of the arteries and veins, and the large bones were cut in two. The arm will have to be taken off.

—Charles H. Phillips, son of ex-Mayor Phillips, and the secretary of the Catholic anti-Bennett law committee in the recent campaign, has been appointed to a lucrative position in the State department under Secretary Cunningham.

—Beach street (Milwaukee) property-owners are engaged in a vigorous fight to compel the Chicago & Northwestern Railway company to remove its tracks from that thoroughfare, which it secured possession of only by sufferance.

—Members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, who held a district meeting in Milwaukee, deny any knowledge of a proposed strike upon the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway for an increase of wages of all trainmen.

—Fire was discovered in the furniture factory of Handorf & Chase at Oakshosh. Owing to the combustible nature of the contents it was impossible to save the building, which was soon entirely destroyed. The loss is \$75,000; insurance, \$45,000.

—Ingvald Bakken and Frank Groux, for stealing a case of liquor, were sentenced, at Black River Falls, to the State Reformatory. Bakken goes to the State Reformatory school till he attains his majority and Groux is to pay a fine of \$30 and costs or go to the county jail for sixty days.

—M. A. Robinson, one of the judges of election in the town of Scott, has commenced action for libel against G. L. Miller, ex-editor of the Union of Prairie du Chien. The plaintiff claims \$5,000 in damages on account of certain charges published in the paper in regard to his action as judge.

—The rapid increase in the number of cases of diphtheria in Milwaukee, which is in excess of the record for many years, while the disease is in most malignant form, has alarmed the city physicians, and the health department has issued extraordinary orders to prevent an epidemic.

—At Milton, four sons of Xavier Hurd were hauling a tank of water for some well drillers, when through some accident the tank tipped over upon the boys. Three of them escaped, with slight injuries; the fourth, aged 14, had his head broken and his skull crushed. He died almost instantly.

—The holiday vacation of the public schools, which commenced Dec. 10, has removed the necessity of closing the schools of Milwaukee to prevent the further spread of diphtheria, but it is announced that unless the infection decreases some of the schools on the South Side will not be reopened on Jan. 5.

—Collector Pink, of Milwaukee, has been ordered to prepare a list of persons in that internal revenue district who manufacture 500 pounds of maple sugar or over. Under the McKinley tariff law the government pays a bounty of two cents per pound, where the quantity exceeds 500, and new officials will be necessary as weighers and inspectors.

—Philip Maloney, a farmer living near Antigo, was shot by his brother-in-law, Walter Mosher. They had some trouble over property and Maloney stopped at Mosher's house to talk the matter over, and as he left the house, Mosher fired through the window. The ball passed through Maloney's abdomen. He cannot live.

—At Menon parties have struck a twenty-five-foot vein of pure iron ore. This is the greatest strike that has been made on the Gogebia range for years. The property and option was abandoned two years ago by Minneapolis parties after they had sunk a shaft 100 feet deep and cross cut 95 feet to the south.

—The agitation against the posting of loud show bills in Chicago has resulted in complaints in Milwaukee. Mayor Somers heard the excuses of the theatrical managers and ended the matter by prohibiting a continuance of the practice, warning the bill posters that they would be prosecuted for a repetition of the offense.

—When H. H. Hayden left Washington he borrowed Senator Spooner's handbag, new overcoat. A snook thief stole it from a clothes line on Hayden's premises at Eau Claire, wore it to a dance, and finally traded the Senator's toga to a bartender for a few drinks and \$2. The thief recovered the coat and arrested the thief, and the coat was sent back to Spooner.

Census Questions in Rhyme.
Does your mother-in-law live with you?
Are you a bachelor?
Do you ever have the measles? Are you good
at hunting venison?
Do you wear your trousers in a bag, or part?
Have you got a mortgage on your house and
lot?
Do you pay your bills with corn on your
nose?
Did you ever drop a nickel in the slot?
Do you really think your brother-in-law likes
cheese?
Are you fond of chestnuts? Do you ever swear?
Do you eat pie with a knife or with an ax?
Are your molars all your own, or does your
dentist groan?
In spirit when he hears you chewing tacks?
Do you like your airlocks well done or blood
rare?
Do you put molasses on your black-eyed peas?
Do you have good luck in drawing to a pair?
Do you really think your brother-in-law likes
cheese?
—N. Y. World.

THE DISPUTED WILL.

"There are some things the multiplication table can't estimate, Doctor, and I calculate this case is one of them."
The speaker was a Texan *alcade* of half a century ago, a man with a grave, handsome face, and one of those gigantic antediluvian figures only found in the bracing atmosphere of the prairie, or the lush fronton of the woods.
"The *senorita* will help you to a fair settlement; she knows her own mind. *Santa Jose*, few women know as much."
The doctor gave his opinion decidedly, and in very good English, albeit his small, yellow person and courtly, dignified manner fully proclaimed his Mexican lineage. Then he calmly helped himself to an olive and a glass of champagne, and watched the *alcade* as he smoked, and waited for the expected *ayuntamiento*, or jury.
In half an hour, the twelve men had dropped in by twos and threes, nodded coolly to the *alcade*, and helped themselves to the liquors and cigars on the sideboard. Now and then, they spoke in monosyllables and the composure, gravity, and utter absence of hurry gave a kind of dignified, patriarchal earnestness to the proceedings that were eminently American, and which quite made up for the lack of ceremony.
After a lapse of five minutes, the *alcade* touched a little bell, and said to the negro who answered it:
"Zip, tell the gentlemen we are waiting, and send Tamar for Miss Mary."
"The gentlemen," who were sitting under a gigantic arborescent oak in the garden, in close conversation, rose at Zip's message, and sauntered slowly into the presence of the *alcade*, who nodded rather stiffly to them, and motioned toward two chairs. They were evidently men of culture, and brothers; some of the jurors leaned toward them with courteous salutations, others simply ignored their presence.
But every one's interest was aroused when the doctor, hearing a footstep, rose, opened the door, and offered his hand to a lady who entered. A calm, brown woman with large, steadfast eyes—a woman who it was easy to see could be a law unto herself.
She looked inquiringly at the two gentlemen, who were evidently her brothers, but finding no response to the unuttered love in her pleading eyes, dropped them, and calmly took the seat her friend led her to.
There was another pause; then the *alcade* laid down his cigar, and said:
"Monte!"
"Squire!"
"We have got a little business to settle between David and George Forsyth and their sister Mary. You are to judge fairly between them, and they are willing to stand by what you say. I calculate they'll explain their own business best. David Forsyth, will you speak for your side?"
David was a keen, shrewd lawyer, and knew how to state his case very plausibly. He said that his father, unduly influenced by Doctor Zavala—who had designs on their sister's hand—had left, not only the homestead, but thirty thousand dollars in gold, to Mary Forsyth, and that they claimed their share of the money.
The men listened gravely, with keen, sidelong glances. When he had finished, one of the squire said:
"Very good, stranger; now, what do you mean by 'unduly influenced'?"
"I mean that this Mexican passed whole days with my father, reading to him, talking to him, and in other ways winning his affection, in order to influence him in the making of his will."
"How much did old Forsyth leave Doctor Zavala?"
"He left him personally nothing, but—"
"Oh!"—the men nodded gravely at one another.
"But," said David, angrily, "he had a deeper scheme than that. He induced my father to turn everything but his homestead into money, and to place the whole sum in the San Antonio Bank to Mary's credit. We have no objections to Mary having her share, but we do not see why our share should go to that Mexican whom she intends to marry."
The doctor smiled sarcastically, and Mary blushing with indignation, half rose as if to speak, but a slight movement of Zavala's eyelids was sufficient to check the impulse.
"Then Mary Forsyth is going to marry Doctor Zavala?"
"Of course, she is."
"And you are willing that she should have the homestead and ten thousand dollars?"
"We are willing she should have the use of the homestead for a moderate rent. We are not willing to give up all claim to it. Why, there are two hundred acres of the finest cotton land in the world that go with it. If she had the entire right to the homestead, she ought to give up the money."
"Mr. George Forsyth, what have you to say?"
"My brother David has spoken for me."
Then there was a pause. The procurator stepped to the sideboard, and filled his glass; several of the jury followed him.

lowed him, and the others chewed away with silent thoughtful intentness. "Doctor Lorenzo Zavala, will you speak for the defendant?"
The doctor turned his chair so as to face both the brothers and the jury, but did not rise.
"Men," he said, "I have known the late David Forsyth for twenty years. I have been his physician and been his friend. I saw his wife die, and watched his children grow to what they are. When the good mother left them, Mary was twelve years old, David ten, and George eight. For her father and brothers, Mary sacrificed all that makes the youth to other women."
"Will you be plainer, Doctor?"
"If you desire. It is known to me how they were then poor, her father a trader in silks and lace and ladies' fine goods, between San Antonio and the outlying settlements. But he was a good man, industrious and ambitious. For his two sons, he had great hopes, and saved and saved and saved by day and by night. The little girl at home helped him bravely, hiring out their own servant, and doing cheerfully the work with her own hands. She plaited the straw, and made hats, also, which sold for much; and she worked up the remnants of lace and ribbons into one thousand pretty trifles for the fair women in San Antonio."
"And, these details are irrelevant and impertinent," said David, angrily.
"Every man tells his story in his own way. Are you willing to listen, men?"
There was a universal articulation which evidently meant "yes;" for the doctor smiled graciously, and went on.
"For her two brothers, the little Mary worked, and always worked with a glad heart. They had been sent to the Northern States to school, and David was educated for a lawyer, and George for an architect and builder. For eight years, this father and sister worked together, solely for these beloved boys, sparing all comforts to themselves. So they paid all their expenses liberally, and saved besides about ten thousand dollars."
"But when the young men came back, there was great sorrow and disappointment. They had been educated beyond the simple trader, the self-denying sister, and the log-house on the Wichita prairie. So much sorrow and disappointment that the sister at last begged for them that they should go to the capital, and divide the ten thousand dollars between them."
"How do you know such a thing? It is a lie!" said George.
"I have the father's letter which says so. Will the *alcade* and the jury read it?"
The *alcade* read the document, and nodded to the jury.
"You have forgotten, Mr. George," he said; "it is easy to forget such money. The doctor is right."
"After this, the father heard little from his sons. They married, and forgot the self-denial, the hard labor and the love of so many, many years. The old man worked on, with failing health; but now that he had lost his ambition, and cared little for money, it came on every venture. He did not try to make it, but it came and came. He made on silk and cotton and land; whatever he touched was fortunate."
"But as money came, health went; he was sick and suffering, and could not bear his daughter away from him. He was jealous of her love, also, and he suffered her not to marry. This is one thing I allow not myself to speak about. I tell you, *alcade*, this woman showed through many years one great sublime sacrifice. Upon my honor, *senor*," and the little gentleman laid his hands upon his heart, and bowed to Mary as if she had been a queen.
"Not for myself; that is one infamy, one scandal too great to be believed. As my sister, as my wife, I honor Miss Mary Forsyth. As my wife? Impossible! Does not all San Antonio know that I adore alone the incomparable Dolores Hernandez?"
"One day, as I sat reading by my friend's bed, he said to me:
"Doctor, that is a pitiful story, and too true. We think it a grievous wrong not to give our sons a trade or a profession, but we never think what is to become of the poor girls."
"I said: 'Oh, we expect them to marry.'"
"But they don't, doctor," he said; "they don't marry; and the most that do are left by death, ill-usage, or misfortune, to fight the world some time or other, with no weapon but a needle, doctor. It is a sin and a shame!"
"It's the way of the world, my friend," I said.
"I know. I spent thousands of dollars on my boys, and then divided all I had between them. If Providence had not blessed my work extraordinarily, or if I had died five years ago, what would have become of Mary?"
"So, gentlemen, I said:
"Squire, your sons do not know that you have made more money; they thought they had got all you had, and have not visited you, or written to you, least you should ask anything of them. Do justice at once to your loving, faithful daughter; secure her now from want and dependence, and give her, at length, leisure to love and rest."
"And my friend, being a good man, did as I advised that he should do. For that he died in good peace with his own conscience, and made me for once, *senor*, very happy for nothing at all."
"So you did not profit at all by this will?"
"Not one dollar in money, but very much in my conscience. *Santa Jose* I am well content."
"Miss Mary," said the *alcade*, kindly, "have you anything to say?"
Mary raised her clear, grey eyes, and looked with yearning tenderness into her brothers' faces. David pretended to be reading, George stooped over and spoke to him. With a sigh, she turned to the *alcade*.
"Ask my brothers what they value the homestead at."
"Two thousand dollars," promptly answered David.
"Too much—too much," grumbled all the jury.
"Two thousand dollars," reassured David, and George added: "Baro value."
"I will buy it at two thousand dollars. Will you ask my brothers if they have any daughters, *alcade*?"

"Gentlemen, you hear? Have you any daughters?"
David said surlily that he had no children at all, and one of the jurymen muttered, with a queer laugh, that he was sorry—didn't see how his sin was "a-going to find him out."
George said he had two daughters. "Ask their names, *alcade*."
"Mary and Nellie."
The poor sister's eyes filled as she looked in George's face and said:
"I give to my niece Mary ten thousand dollars, and to my niece Nellie ten thousand dollars, and I hope you and the good men present will allow the gift to stand. I know my brother David will never want a dollar while there is one in the country he lives in. George is extravagant, and will have always a ten-dollar road for a five-dollar piece; but his boys can learn his own or their uncle's trade; there are plenty of ways for them. I would like to put the girls beyond dependence and beyond the necessity of marrying for a living."
David rose in a fury and said he would listen no longer to such nonsense.
"You forget, Mr. Forsyth, that you have put this case into our hands. I think you will have more sense than make enemies of thirteen of the best men in the neighborhood. Gentlemen, would you like to retire and consider this matter?"
"Not at all, *alcade*. I am for giving Miss Forsyth all her father gave her."
"And I," and I," and I," cried the whole twelve almost simultaneously.
"I shall contest this affair before the San Antonio Court," cried David, passionately.
"You'll think better of it, Mr. Forsyth. Do you mean to say you brought twelve men here to help you rob your sister, sir?"
"I mean to say that that Mexican Zavala has robbed me. I shall call him to account."
The doctor laughed good-naturedly, and answered:
"We have each our own weapons, my friend. I cannot fight with any other. Besides, I marry me a wife next week."
And the doctor leaned pleasantly on the *alcade*'s chair, and with a joke, bade his friend adieu. "Good-by."
Mary Forsyth carried out her intentions. She settled, strictly and carefully, ten thousand dollars on each of her nieces, bought her homestead, and then sat down to consider what she should do with her eight thousand dollars.
"If I were a Frenchwoman and San Antonio were Paris," she said; "I would rent a store and go to trading. I know how to buy and sell by instinct; and if I were a born farmer, I could plant corn and cotton, and turn them into gold; but I am not a farmer—I never made a garden and got a decent meal out of it. I calculate 'twill be best to get John Doyle for head-man, and put my money in cattle."
Just as she came to this decision, Doctor Zavala drove hurriedly up to the door.
"Mary, Mary!" he cried, "come quickly! There is an old friend of yours in the timber too ill with the dague fever to move."
"What do you need, Doctor?"
"Need? I need you and a couple of men to carry him here. Do you know that it is Will Morrison?"
"Oh, Doctor! Doctor!"
"Fret. Heard of your father's death in Arizona, and came straight home to look after you. Poor fellow! he's pretty bad."
Well, Mary did not need to hire John Doyle as head man; for Will, who had loved her faithfully for fifteen long years, was the finest stock-man in the State; and within three months, the doctor and his beautiful Dolores danced a fandango at Mary and Will's wedding.
A Kestrel and Rat.
I see in your book on "British Birds" you state that the kestrel is easily tamed. Our bird was taken from a nest last year and put into a cage out of doors for a few days only, and fledged. He was then turned out and flew across the park into the woods and was seen no more for some days. When he returned, found his way into the house, and has never voluntarily left it since. We often turn him out and see him a mile or more from the house, but soon after find him searching for an open window by which he may reach the dining-room, where he lives by preference, perching on a picture-frame, but always coming on my husband's arm when called, even through the glare of lamps and candles. He invariably twitters a sort of soft song when we speak to him. He is a grand bird, perfect in plumage.
I have a white rat, who lives as all our pets do, entirely loose in the house or garden, perfectly free to leave us if they choose. The rat was given to me as a gift and was two years ago, then quite wild. He gradually became extremely tame, and, during a severe illness I had last year, he took it into his head to sit on my pillow to guard me. Ever since then he has continued to sleep there; he runs up-stairs with me, and follows me to bed, sleeping always on the bolster or pillow by my head. He is very plucky and defended himself during one whole night when he was shut up accidentally in the same room with a large and savage cat. He was found sitting up, with teeth and claws ready, and was perfectly overjoyed when his human friends took him up. Though at months have elapsed, nothing will induce him to enter that room again. Our dogs are perfect friends with him. He uses his left paw always when drinking, "juggling" the water up to his mouth, even from the bottom of a tumbler, and is quite "left-handed."—*London Spectator.*
Sitting Not Natural.
An English scientific person has discovered that sitting down is an acquired habit. The great majority of mankind do not sit but simply squat, or, as it is sometimes said, sit on their heels.
A Queer Egg.
A Waynesburg, (Pa.) man found a hen's egg which measured 1 inch in circumference one way and 3 3/4 inches the other. The inequalities of its shape gave it the exact appearance of a mace, showing the opening for a foot, the broad heel, contracted at the stop, and expansion at the ball of foot.

ADVENTURES WITH SIOUX.
Two Boys Have a Hair-Raising Experience With Redskins.
An old trapper tells this story of early Minnesota days in *Forest and Stream*.
The man of the Lake Talcott party about this time came in also for a team to move their outfit home, leaving the two boys to take care of things until his return. A warm, muggy day came while he was absent, and the boys, attending to their traps and carrying their guns around during the day, got them both wet, and, boylike, neglecting to clean and dry them, in order to render them sure fire when needed, lay down to sleep in their bed without removing their clothing, only drawing off their boots. Their cabin door opened outward, and just at daylight, shortly after they awoke, they observed their door opening and saw an Indian standing around and set a stick against it, and then spring back and raise his gun alongside two others who stood with guns presented. At the first sight of the Indian the boys sprang from their bed, and while in the act of throwing off the covering and springing to their feet the savages fired. The distance was not over fifteen feet (I afterwards examined the ground carefully, and while it could not again have been done in a thousand times trying without both being killed, the only hurt either sustained was a flesh wound by a small bullet through the calf of one of their legs. Seizing their guns, the boys aimed and snapped, but both guns failed to go. Instantly the thought of running, while yet the guns of the Indians were empty, came to their minds, and with a word to each other they sprang through the door and rushed for the prairie. As they did so, one or more charges (probably from double-barreled guns) greeted their rush for the open air, and the un wounded boy, Tom Kirkpatrick, had a bullet part the hair and graze the skin of the forehead.



As the Indians ran after them the boys presented their guns, and after this maneuver had been a few times repeated the wretched cowards turned back to plunder the camp, and the boys were left to make their journey of forty miles to the settlements in their stocking feet over the burnt grass stubs of the prairie. In the afternoon the wounded boy declared his inability to proceed further, and requested Tom to go to the settlement and bring a wagon out for him. Tom accordingly hurried on, and just about sunset, while descending the river just above the town of Jackson (which town, by the way, consisted alone of a frontier post-office), just as he reached the crest of a low hill and glanced across the ravine to the summit of the next hill in front, he saw five Sioux, who, catching sight of him at the same instant, came for him on the run, spread. In the line like an opening fan as they ran. Tom turned and ducked down behind the hill, and instead of running down the ravine towards the river turned and ran up it and out on the high prairie, where, providentially for him, stood an old deserted field which had belonged to a Norwegian settler murdered in the last massacre, and which, now surrounded by a high rail fence, was occupied by a dense crop of tall weeds. Tom sprang over the fence, and in his peril and his fright, not forgetting to carefully put the weeds in front of each step and close them to gether behind him, worked his way well into the field and flat. Soon as Indians, quickly followed by two others,



appeared perched on the top of the fence, where for minutes, which doubtless were anxious ones for Tom, they surveyed the apparently unbroken expanse of weeds, and at length to his great relief turned back towards the river. Lying quietly until darkness shrouded his movements, Tom made his way out of the field into the prairie, and making a wide detour reached the house of a friendly settler a few miles down the river, where just before morning the other boy put in an appearance, having been unable to rest in the cold of approaching night, but compelled thereby to keep moving, and doubtless passing the other Indians in the night time.
Wanted to Be Up to the Times.
"Ting-a-lug-a-lug-a-lug!" Night clerk (poking his head out of the window and recognizing his customer): "We sold our last postage-stamp this afternoon, used up all the blacking, and gave away our old directory to the last customer we closed up on." Deeds Beete (in an agitated tone): "I wasn't going to bother you for none of them. I just wanted to ask if you'd tell me where that nice drugist lives who sells a dollar's worth of porous plaster for 90 cents; I heard tell, but I forgot."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Wilbur Lumber Co.
ANTIOCH, ILL.
Dealers in all kinds of
LUMBER
Sash, Doors, Blinds,
Building Paper, Cedar Posts,
Wood and Wire Fence
...COAL!...
LIME, CEMENT, ETC.
Don't Go Anywhere Else Until
You Learn Our Prices.
Office and Yards near the Depot,
ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS.
H. C. DABDE, Manager.

AUCTIONEER.
The undersigned will Auctioneer farm sales, at lowest rates. Satisfaction guaranteed. For terms and dates apply to the editor of the News, or Address:
J. B. JACKSON,
Pleasant Prairie, Wis.

STEPHEN W. MARVIN,
NOTARY & PUBLIC
HARVESTVILLE, LAKE COUNTY, ILL.
Conveyancing and other business writing promptly attended to.

PATENTS,
Copyrights and Trade-Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.
Our Office is Opposite U. S. Patent Office and we can secure patent in less time and at less cost than those remote from Washington. Send model, drawing or photo, with description. We advise if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee does not till patent is secured. A little look, "How to Obtain Patents," with names of actual clients in your State, county, or town sent free. Address:
C. A. SNOW & CO.
Opp. Patent Office, WASHINGTON, D. C.

KIMBALL
PIANOS.
INDORSED BY
ADELINA PATTI,
LILLI LEHMAN,
JULIUS PEROTTI,
SIG. TAMACNO,
GRAND ITALIAN OPERA CO.
METROPOLITAN OPERA CO.
BOSTON IDEAL OPERA CO.
and many other prominent artists
FOR SALE AT MANUFACTURERS' PRICES BY
W. W. KIMBALL CO.,
State and Jackson Sts., CHICAGO.

BANKING HOUSE
...OF...
J. B. Turck, Jr.
Stocks, Bonds
And Mortgages
BOUGHT AND SOLD.

92 LA SALLE STREET
DALE & SEMPILL,
(Successors to Wm. M. Dale)
Manufacturing and Dispensing
CHEMISTS.
Corner Clark and Madison St.
CHICAGO. ILL.

THE WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINES
NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD CO.
RUN
Fast Trains with Pullman Vestibuled Drawing Room Sleepers, Dining Cars and Coaches of latest design, between Chicago and Milwaukee and St. Paul and Minneapolis.
Fast Trains, with Pullman Vestibuled Drawing Room Sleepers, Dining Cars and Coaches of latest design, between Chicago and Milwaukee and Ashland and Duluth.
Through Pullman Vestibuled Drawing Room and Sleeping Cars via the Northern Pacific Railroad between Chicago and Portland, Oregon.
Convenient Trains to and from Eastern, Western, Northern and Central Wisconsin points, affording unequalled service to and from Wausau, Menasha, Oshkosh, Neenah, Menasha, Chippewa Falls, Eau Claire, Hurley, Wis., Ironwood, and Bessemer, Mich.
For ticket, sleeping car reservations, time tables and other information, apply to Agents of the line or to Ticket Agents anywhere in the United States or Canada.
R. B. ATWELL, General Manager, MILWAUKEE, WIS.
J. M. HANNAFORD, Gen. Traf. Mgr., ST. PAUL, MINN.
H. C. BAILEY, Traffic Manager, CHICAGO, ILL.
LOUIS ECKSTEIN, Asst. G. P. & T. A., CHICAGO, ILL.

S. A. DIDAMA,
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Will attend to all kinds of Notarial Business.
Office at
TREVOR, ILL. WISCONSIN.
CHAS. P. WESTERFIELD,
CIVIL ENGINEER AND
County Surveyor.
Careful Work Guaranteed.
COURT HOUSE, WAUKEGAN, ILL.

JOHN H. HUGHES,
LAKE VILLA, ILLINOIS.
UNDERTAKING.
A full supply of Undertakers Goods, Constantly on hand.
A FIRST CLASS HEARSE IN CONNECTION.
Furniture Repairing and Picture Framing a specialty.
Prices always reasonable.

PENSIONS!
Claims of Soldiers' Widows and Dependent Parents.
GEO. P. SHATSWELL,
U. S. CLAIM AGENT.
Original and increased Pensions Obtained, also Arrears, Re-issues and a New Survey of Pension Certificates, WAUKEGAN, ILL. Back Pay and Bounty. Residence on Grand Ave.

A. CHINN,
AUCTIONEER,
AND REAL-ESTATE DEALER.
ANTIOCH, ILL.

MEN WANTED!
To represent our well-known Nursery to town and country trade. Good pay weekly. A steady position with a Nursery of over thirty years' standing, and a known responsibility. We want good, lively workers, and will pay well. Good references required. Apply quickly, stating age. CHASE BROTHERS COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.

FRANK WILLIAMS,
Harness Making & Repairing.
I keep in stock a full and complete assortment of everything in the Harness line, Robes Blankets, Whips, Trunks etc. and guarantee WORK FIRST-CLASS IN EVERY PART. LAB. AT LOWEST PRICES.
Shop in S. B. Russell's Hardware Store, ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS.

Dentistry!

BEST SET OF TEETH, \$10.00.
GOLD FILLING \$1.00.
AMALGAM FILLING 60 CENTS.
GOLD CROWNS, \$6.00.
EXTRACTING FREE
WHEN NEW PLATES ARE INSERTED
ALL WORK GUARANTEED.
Geo. R. Olcott,
ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS.
Barber & Hairdresser.
Shop on corner of Lake Avenue and Victoria Street.
SHOP CLOSED ON SUNDAY.
ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS.

Central House,
Near The Wisconsin Central Depot,
BURLINGTON, WIS.
Free Bus to and from all trains.
GOOD MEALS, REASONABLE PRICES.
NIG GILL, PROP.

IT IS EASY TO CARVE.

THAT IS, IF YOU THOROUGHLY UNDERSTAND HOW TO DO IT.

The Trials and Tribulations of a Young Man at a Dinner Party When Suddenly Called Upon.

A turkey is not hard to carve—that is, if you know how, says Eugene J. Conlin in the Oakland (Cal.) Tribune. He continues:

"How easy it is to go through life thinking that you know how when really you do not. Theoretically, what I didn't know about carving was—well, was hardly worth knowing. Practically, this knowledge extended no further than a rare tenderloin steak or a well done cold tongue—that is, until a few evenings ago, at which time the wide difference between practice and theory was demonstrated in a very thorough manner. It was in Chicago, and I had been invited to an informal dinner at the residence of a friend. On the day in question the host, that was to be, in some manner severely cut one of his fingers, and thereby hangs a tale—a bloodless one, however.



"At 8 o'clock the party of twelve, half of whom were ladies, assembled at the table. The accident to the host necessitated the appointment of a substitute to do the carving, and, as fate decreed, the honor came to me—a case of having greatness thrust upon one with a vengeance. Ere I had been seated at the head of the table a minute I began to realize the discomforts and possibilities of the situation, and the practice-theory ideas came forcibly to mind. It was necessary to keep cool, however, and, as the first course required only some slight dexterity with soup-ladle and fish-spoon, I began to gain confidence and join in the conversation freely. Never while until you are out of the woods—I never will again. A great big Thanksgiving and Christmas combined turkey came in view, and was placed before me. Undoubtedly it was the largest and most intricate turkey I ever saw, and my temperature went up at once to 100 degrees in the shade.

"I was determined to keep cool. The conversation was general by this time, and I saw my chance to dissect that bird without attracting attention. I began whacking away at the turkey in a calm, know-it-all way. It wasn't on skates, but pretty soon it commenced to skate around on the platter at a lively rate, and my outward serenity began to vanish and perspiration appear at every pore. It now seemed necessary to stand up to it, and I pushed back my chair. Of course the very thing I feared commenced to happen. Interest began to center upon me at the head of the table, and not on the conversation, which gradually calmed down and then flickered out into cold, sickening silence. To make matters worse there was a well, adjectives fall me here—but there was a little pet terrier in the room, and soon after I had commenced giving an imitation of a man who knows how to carve a turkey, he started to frisk about my feet and to tug at my trousers; something he kept up throughout the performance, to my discomfort.

"After a few minutes, broken only by the clank of carvers and the dull swish of the turkey as it skied up and down and around to elude me, I got off enough meat to go around, and resumed my seat with an inaudible sigh of relief. But it was only for a moment, for one lady—out of pure cussedness, I suppose; it could be nothing else—called attention to the scarcity, in fact, the total absence, of dark meat, and then, of course, every one wanted some of the dark. I got up again. I cut the dark meat, and then the other way, turned the bird over half a dozen times, and once on the table. With a knowledge acquired of numerous experiences with roast turkey—when some other fellow did the carving—I was certain there should be dark meat somewhere, but in spite of all my efforts and searching no dark meat came to light. There was no restraint to mirth now, and the room fairly rang with laughter as I sank back crushed, limp, and defeated into my chair, announcing firmly that there happened to be no dark meat on the particular turkey—an extraordinary fact, but to



the truth of which I could vouch. I registered a resolve, however, as I sat down, that the intricacies of a roast turkey would be more familiar to me in twenty-four hours, and that I would never rest until I could turn off anything from a wing up. Until black coffee came I was the object of remarks which seemed to strike the others as being funny.

"My trials were not over. We had been in the drawing-room but a moment when the only Englishman present added the last straw. 'Ah, dear fellow, how good your gracious, what ever can be the matter with your trousers?' There was something the matter with my trousers. I looked down and dis-

covered to my horror that while I was making inroads into that turkey the pet terrier had not been idle. He had made a fringe around the bottom of one leg and the other had a hole as high as my shoe tops. This was awful. The yell that went up when this mishap was discovered could be heard a mile. I hastened back to the hotel. It had cost a \$15 pair of trousers so far, but my mind was made up that it could cost \$100 before I would cease looking for some one to post me in carving. It was at great personal expense, but the chef at the hotel told me all about it. Now I can carve, but I am loaded to the muzzle for the man who asks me to again."

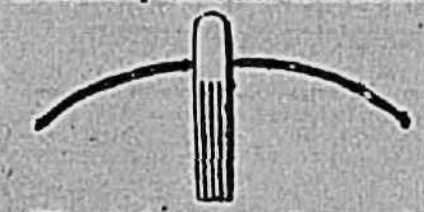
The Ice-Cap of Greenland.

The aspect of these boundless wastes rolling away in scarcely perceptible undulations, and in the distance mingling the grey of their snows with the grey of the skies, at first gave the impression that Greenland was a uniform plateau, a sort of horizontal table. The belief now prevails that the rocky surface of the land is, on the contrary, carved into mountains and hills, valleys and gorges, but that the plastic snows and ice have gradually filled up all the cavities, which now show only in slight sinuosities on the surface. Allowing to the whole mass of the ice-cap an average thickness of 500 feet, it would represent a total volume of about 150,000 cubic miles. This enormous mass, or great ice of the Greenlanders, flows like asphalt or tar with extreme slowness seaward, while the surface is gradually leveled by the snow falling during the course of ages and distributed by the winds. In the interior of the country the surface of the ice and snow is as smooth as if it were polished, looking like "the undisturbed surface of a frozen ocean, the long but not high billows of which rolling from east to west are not easily distinguishable to the eye." Nevertheless, the exterior form on the ice-cap has been greatly diversified, at least on its outer edge, where in many places it is difficult to cross, or even quite impassable. The action of lateral pressure, of heat produced by the tremendous friction, of evaporation and infiltration, has often broken the surface into innumerable cones a few yards high, in form and color resembling the tents of an encampment.

A NEW HAT-FASTENER.

It Will Keep Head-Gear in Place Without Perforating the Brains.

A Philadelphia manufacturer appears to have solved the difficulty of keeping ladies' hats upon their lovely heads without the use of hat-pins. A hat-fastener (like the following illustration) is fastened by elastic cord inside the hat.



When the hat or bonnet is put on the fastener is adjusted by gently pulling it down and then pulling it up under the hair until hidden by the hat, after the manner of a slide-comb. The method of adjustment is shown as follows:



Trading Receipts.

In the olden days, when railroad companies used to believe their conductors honest, an official, whose run was from Buffalo east, was called into the President's room at the end of one of his trips, and the big man kindly said to him:

"John, the receipts on your runs have been growing beautifully less for some time past."

"Yes, sir, but travel is very light, you know."

"Is it I hadn't heard of that. John, you have lately built a nice house?"

"Yes."

"And your salary is only \$200 per month, John?"

"Yes, sir."

"I don't think you would steal from the company?"

"Oh, no, not at all!"

"But I've a proposition to make. Suppose you give the road your receipts, and you take everything else coming in. If you don't, I don't see how we are going to pay running expenses over a month longer!"—N. Y. Sun.

The Lovely Pests.

Angry Farmer—"So here I don't you know I can't afford to have my grass trampled down for the sake of a few berries! You'll have to move out of here."

Lady from the City—"We are not picking berries; we are gathering a handful of those lovely, charming, golden-hearted, snow-tipped, ox-eyed daisies."

Farmer—"O, I beg your pardon. Go right ahead, and come again tomorrow and bring your relatives."—Judge.

Circumstances Alter Cases.

"Mr. Bondheavy," said the young man, with much assurance, "I have come again to ask you for the hand of your daughter."

"Didn't I tell you only last night that my daughter should never marry the son of a poor peach-grower?"

"Yes, said the lover, 'but my father is no longer poor. He found two baskets of peaches in his orchard this morning, and—'

Trafalgar.

The last eye-witness of the battle of Trafalgar, a centurarian scannan, has just died in England.

MARK TWAIN'S CORN-COB.

Just Now the Great Humorous Smokes No Cigars, but Plays Billiards.

The latest whim of Mark Twain is one that causes his friends some amusement and the strangers who know him by sight only some surprise. It has also led to rather embarrassing complications upon one or two occasions.

About the time that the humorist's latest play was given its representation he appeared in public places smoking an old-fashioned corn-cob pipe. At the New York Hotel he lounged about the elegant marble-floored lobby smoking the pipe. Even while walking Fifth avenue and Broadway he had it between his lips, thereby commanding general attention, as the solitary individual in all the vast throng who dared smoke a corn-cob on the public streets.

Why he does it no one surely knows, but it is reported that he undertook a wager with a friend, relating in some manner to the production of the play, and which required him, if he lost, to smoke nothing but a corn-cob pipe.

A few days ago, while seated upon a sofa in the hotel lobby, and emitting great clouds of smoke from the pipe, he offended a guest, who, having stared fiercely at him as though wondering at the impudence of a fellow who would do such a thing in the company of well-dressed gentlemen, at last remonstrated:

"Don't like the pipe," drawled out the humorist; "why, that is a pity. It is like some people in the world; you don't like the looks of them at first; you understand, but the more you know them the better you like them."

The stranger, with the manner of contempt, went away. Soon after he asked the clerk if any gentleman, a guest at the hotel, would like to play a game of billiards.

"Why, yes, there; Mark Twain. He's a crack billiard shot, and is always ready to play with a gentleman."

"Twain! Mark Twain! Why, I should be delighted. I never saw him, and I'd like to know him. Why, I shall be honored."

The stranger went to the billiard-room and the clerk hunted Mark Twain up, and, having found him, led him to the billiard-room. The corn-cob pipe was still between his teeth. He cast his eye over the stranger who the introductions were going on, gently blew a cloud of smoke from his lips, removed the pipe an instant and said:

"Delighted to play. Please string for a lead while I refill my pipe. Do you know that I find the angles lose their angularity and the cue possesses a strange power of producing results if I smoke my pipe while playing? Wish I had another to offer you, but I haven't," and he nonchalantly refilled the pipe, betraying in no way his recognition of the stranger, who had regarded him as some loud who had strayed into the hotel.

When the stranger settled the score, after losing four straight games and the rubber, he said to the clerk: "Well, he may be peculiar about his pipes, but there's nothing funny about his billiards."

Zach Chandler's Great Solo.

There are certain unsophisticated constituents who sit at home and imagine their representatives in Washington as always riding in carriages. The citizen who helped to elect the member from Wayback is under the impression that his member's journeys to and from the Capitol are like royal progresses—in a coach, through throngs of the admiring populace. Such a constituent, it is related, once came from Michigan a good many years ago and called upon Senator Chandler. The Senator invited him to come to his house the next morning and accompany him to the Capitol, which the constituent did, being careful to hire for the occasion an enormous open barouche. As they stepped out upon the street the Senator spied the carriage.

"I say, Captain," said he to his constituent, "what's that thing doing here?"

"I hired it. It's mine. It's to take us up to the Capitol," was the reply.

"O, nonsense!" said Zach Chandler. "When I'm at home I walk, and I guess I can walk here, too. You can send that damned old concern away."

Zach Chandler should have been able to walk any distance, for he had a big foot and wore an enormous shoe. An object of interest for some time after his death used to be the huge piece of leather that had constituted the sole of one of his shoes. It was displayed in the window of his former shoemaker, and was labeled: "A portion of the understanding of the late Zach Chandler."—N. Y. Times.

Ruskin's Domestic Romance.

When John Ruskin was young and already famous, he was one evening at a party in London, when a lady showed him a beautiful girl who, she said, ought to be his wife.

Ruskin was too enamored of the beautiful art to fall in love with a beautiful human creature, said the critics, when, a few months later he married the girl.

He gave her a magnificent home, and adored her and hoped that she would be throughout life his ideal companion. His friends say that he adored her. But women want something more than adoration, they want love.

After a time, John Ruskin brought Millais, the painter, to his house, and asked him to paint his wife's portrait. Millais, then, as he is now, a man of superb physique, with a lion-like glance and tremendous length and breadth of limb. While he was painting the portrait he fell in love with his friend's wife; and the wife? Did she not reciprocate the passion which she had inspired?

John Ruskin, with his far-seeing eyes, saw the unfolding of this romance, which might become a tragedy, and he took the heroic course.

When he found that his wife did not love him, without any accusation or blame—he secured a divorce, then walked into church one morning with his late wife and Millais, and stood by while they were married. This was heroic, and it was like the grand spirit of the man.

which has always animated John Ruskin's breast.

The painter Millais has become the leading artist in England, and has been knighted. Lady Millais's faultless beauty is one of the charms of London society. Neither of the two forgets how Ruskin helped them, even after they were married, on the way up the hill to fame and fortune. Lady Millais has posed for her husband's most famous pictures. It is her face that is represented in "The Huguenot Lovers," now in the Vanderbilt collection in New York.

ELECTRICITY CRANKS.

People Who Carry Worthless Carbons to Improve Their Health.

"Do you see that man there who has just picked up something from the edge of the sidewalk?" asked a gentleman well posted on electrical matters. "He has the latest fool craze on the brain, for he has been following that electric-light tender about for the last ten minutes, in order to gather a few of the stubs of the electric arc carbons which are thrown away. These he will carry in his pockets, under the insane impression that some of the electricity left over from last night's lighting may soak into his system and ease up a trifle on some pain or other."

"Poor fellow!" He is more deluded than the man who wears a point to the left-hand pocket of his trousers to cure him of rheumatism. Why, there is no more electricity in those carbons than in the bread that fellow may have eaten for breakfast.

"It is astonishing," continued the speaker, "what queer notions some people in Washington have about wearing electrical and magnetic appliances. The theory is quite universal that magnetism attracts the iron in the blood and thus gives rise to a better circulation. But all the iron which exists in the human system is combined with hydrochloric acid and is in the form of the oxide of that metal, and in this state the magnet has no power over the oxide of iron. A person may stand between the poles of the most powerful magnet ever manufactured, and which would be strong enough to lift hundreds of pounds of iron, but he would never feel the slightest effect of magnetic exertion, either for good or ill. If a man's blood should not circulate until it is started up by magnetic effect upon the iron contained therein, it would not circulate more than once in an average man's lifetime."

The passage of a current of electricity through the body is another matter. This may benefit the system by agitating and perhaps decomposing certain portions of the tissue. A little electricity, however, goes a great way in this regard. Physicians in giving this sort of treatment use only from one to five-thousandths of an ampere. From one to three amperes passed through the vital parts of the human system would be positively dangerous, for the tissues can not stand so violent an agitation. In order to force this volume of electricity through one's system a pressure of several hundred volts is necessary, owing to the resistance of the body.

"And now, my friend," said the electrician by way of parting injunction, "if you should ever have an uncontrollable desire to try the curative effects of this mysterious element called electricity, don't try to get it by wearing old electric-light carbons in your pockets, nor yet sandwich yourself between the poles of a big alternating current dynamo, but go to a reputable physician and have him administer the electric fluid. You will find the latter course much more healthful."—Washington Post.

Couple of Sticks From Depot.

It is no wonder that almost every newspaper reporter in New York has a good word to say of Chauncey M. Depew. He is probably the easiest prominent man to get an interview with, and if he thinks the reporter who has the task in hand not exactly up to the occasion he generally assists him in the most gracious manner possible.

The writer, who had worked creditably enough on a weekly newspaper in the West, remembers with what trepidation he read on the assignment book of one of the great New York dailies, on whose staff he had just succeeded in gaining a foothold.

"See Chauncey M. Depew," With the impression that he was going to face a tremendous task, he entered the house of the famous orator and railway president.

"Mr. Depew is at dinner," said the servant.

"Don't disturb him. I can wait," said the reporter, as he settled himself in the offered chair and prepared to wait for the seven or eight courses to wind majestically over Mr. Depew's left shoulder and into that eloquent orifice whence so many more good things come. He was not to wait long, however, for in about a minute Mr. Depew appeared.

"I won't keep you waiting," he said pleasantly. "You may be in a hurry. What can I do for you?"

"I would like to get your opinion of so and so," said the reporter.

"There is not much to be said upon that head," replied Mr. Depew. "In fact, almost nothing, at present that is of any general interest."

"Besides, my dinner is waiting," he might have added, but he didn't. He evidently noted the young reporter's disappointed look, and so he said cheerfully: "Well, take a seat, and I will give you a couple of 'sticks,' anyway."

This easy allusion to the newspaper man's measure of space, "a stickful," made the young reporter feel at home at once, as Mr. Depew evidently intended it should, and then "Our Chauncey" reeled off in clear-cut and graphic sentences a little mid-dinner speech that filled up about half a column in the paper the next morning, and did much to establish the young man's footing on the staff. The same reporter has listened to a good many of the famous after-dinner speeches of Central's genial president, and they have all been good, but in his estimation none of them could touch that little unstilted address, dealt out between soup and fish, to that young fellow, green from the country.—N. Y. Tribune.

RATS DID IT.

Rodents Open Olive Oil Bottles and Help Themselves Lavishly.

"I want you to look at that bottle," said a druggist to a Doylestown (Pa.) democrat the other day. The bottle held up for inspection contained a half-pint of olive oil—its full capacity—and had been manufactured with an unusually narrow neck, measuring, perhaps, four inches in length.

"What's the matter with it?" asked the customer.

"There's nothing the matter with the bottle, but do you see where that cork is?"

"Yes, it's about half-way down the neck."

"Well, that's what there is peculiar about it and here's another," continued the druggist, producing a second bottle, "with the cork pushed almost into the oil. Now, how do you suppose those corks got into that position?"

"Somebody pushed them down, of course."

"No, sir; I know you will never guess, so I may as well tell you. Those corks were forced down the necks of the bottles by rats. That may sound pretty stiff when you consider that a rat's leg is scarcely long enough to reach down to where that cork is but it's a fact. We found our olive oil bottles opened and the contents spilled around the cellar, and it was a long time before we caught on to how it was done. It was a picnic for the rats. They would go over to the grocery store across the street, fill up on cheese, and when they felt the need of a laxative come into our cellar and take a dose of oil. One of them even moved the lid off a big box containing bottles of oil packed in straw, and had a bottle half open when we discovered him. A stone weighing about ten pounds had been placed on the lid of the box, but he managed to get it out of the way. You will notice these bottles were originally bound with hulk, and the cork securely tied down and then covered with bladder. The rats first gnaw off the bladder cap, and then work on the cork until it is about a quarter of an inch thick. Then begins the mysterious work of forcing them into the oil. After the cork is out of the way they overturn the bottle and proceed to enjoy the contents."

The customer went down cellar with the proprietor, saw the box referred to, and inspected the bottle that had been operated upon. Putting a pencil into the neck, it was discovered considerable strength would have to be expended in order that the cork might be moved. How the rodents accomplish it remains a mystery.

The Art of Sweeping.

In sweeping, take long light strokes, and do not use too heavy a broom.

"Alice," said Lois, "do you honestly think sweeping is harder exercise than playing tennis?"

"I hesitated. 'I really don't know. One never thinks of hard or easy in tennis, the game is so interesting; and then it's out-door exercise, and there's no danger of inhaling dust.'"

"Well, for my part," said Marjorie, "I like doing work that tells. There is so much satisfaction in seeing the figures in the carpet come out brightly under the broom! Alice, what did you do to make your reception-room so splendid?"

"I finished rather proudly," said Marjorie, looking hurt.

"Why, of course not! I asked your mother, and she gave me the bottle, and told me to take what I wanted."

"A little coarse salt, or some damp tea leaves strewn over a carpet before sweeping adds ease to the cleansing process," said Mrs. Downing, appearing on the scene and praising us for our thoroughness. "The reason is that both the salt and tea leaves being moist keep down the light floating dust, which gives more trouble than the heavier dirt. But now you will all be better for a short rest; so come into my little nursery, and have a gossip and a lunch, and then you may attack the enemy again."—Harper's Young People.

He Paid For His Freshness.

On a through Eastern train of the Pennsylvania road, one day last week, all the seats in the car were taken except two. A lady sat in one and a man from the West with a big sombrero occupied the other. He was a fine looking, manly fellow, and was taken by the station agent for a lawyer.

At the next station an unattractive drummer got on the car. He sized up the situation at a glance. The lady was pretty and that settled it. Without even asking her he sat down by her and at once commenced to make himself agreeable. She tried to avoid him and looked out of the window, but the fellow's gall was impudent, and he maintained the one-sided conversation. The Western man was calmly watching the proceedings and stood it as long as he could. Going up to the lady he said: "Madam, I see you are annoyed. Would you prefer to have my seat?"

"O, thank you," she replied, "certainly," and the big man helped her to transfer her valise, while the other passengers tittered at the drummer's discomfiture.

The latter was boiling over but kept down his wrath until he got to Altoona, and then he demanded satisfaction for the insult. The world were scarcely out of his mouth before the Western man banged him on the jaw, and then with his boot kicked him around as a football.

"Stand back," yelled some of the tickled passengers. "Kick him harder," they shouted together, and that drummer finally crawled under a car to escape further punishment, a wiser and sadder man. Everybody wanted to know who the Western man was. He turned out to be the Captain of a Pacific mail steamship out on a vacation.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

WITH THE ELECTRICIANS.

In the car shops of the Union Pacific railroad at Cheyenne, Wyo., is an electric traveling crane, having a capacity of 10 tons, used to lift locomotives.

Aluminum has been proven by recent experiments to be an excellent material from which to manufacture trolley wheels, and its use for this purpose will probably become quite general.

There has been designed in Vienna a new electric lantern for the use of lecturers. The lenses are so combined that an enlarged image of an object may be thrown on a screen in its natural colors.

A patent has recently been granted for an improvement in the manufacture of metallic wheels. Under the new system the spokes are to be electrically welded to the hub and tire and each wheel will be practically one piece.

A Minnesota town recently decided to run its own electric lighting plant. After a plant had been constructed and installed the town was enjoined from making payment from the town funds, and the plant will probably be turned over to a private company.

Perhaps in no branch of industry have the benefits of electric welding been realized to a greater extent than in the welding of pipes for artificial ice machines, sugar refineries, and general refrigerating purposes. In the old system 15 minutes were required for each weld, which entailed the work of two blacksmiths and a dozen helpers, and frequently a serious loss of ammonia from imperfect welding. Now the weld is made in two minutes by a man and boy, and costs 2 cents, instead of 15, as formerly.

By June 1, 1901, it is expected that the new building of the Southern New England Telephone Company at Hartford, Ct., will be completed. The switchboard in the operating room will be of the latest multiple switch pattern arranged for metallic circuits, and will have a capacity for 3,000 subscribers.

The distributing board will be large enough to accommodate 3,000 pairs of wires, and will be of Russian iron. The whole building is constructed with a view to make it almost impossible for fire to gain any headway. The partitions are of terra cotta, and lumber and floorings have protecting materials between the different layers of planking.

SENSE AND NONSENSE.

The partridge is a noble bird—it always dies game.

A man will excuse any fault in the woman who is not his wife.

The man who never talks about his neighbor is usually a splendid listener.

When a man begins by saying: "To tell the truth," you may be pretty sure he is going to tell a lie.

Turkey—"I think you might spare my life till Christmas; I'm rather young to die."

Farmer (solving his head)—"Oh, come off."

The watchmaker is doomed to perpetual apprenticeship. Even when he pretends to be in business for himself he is really serving his time.

When a woman marries she changes her political opinions to agree with her husband's and he, in exchange, is sometimes known to go to her church.

"What a pretty girl Jimson's typewriter must be," mused Waits. "I never saw such an outrageous lot of misspelled words in a business letter before in all my days."

A Progressive Company.

In addition to the splendid passenger equipment now furnished by the Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railroad, the management have arranged to run vestibule passenger cars on the through day trains, commencing with September 1. These cars are the product of the Pullman Company shops, and are considered by many railroad men to surpass in elegance and completeness any parlor cars which have as yet been placed on the rails.

Before the winter travel commences all passenger trains will be provided with safety steam-heating apparatus which is connected with the engines and receives its steam from this source, thereby obtaining an even temperature in the car at all times.

These improvements are made for the convenience of the traveling public and reflect credit upon the liberal policy adopted by the management of the Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railroad.

TOYS! TOYS! TOYS! New goods in steam, mechanical and other toys. Don't fail to see our line and select your favorites. Catalogue of toys mailed free outside the city. GEO. J. SCHMIDT & CO., 100 Randolph Street, between Clark and Dearborn, formerly 57 State Street.

FOR information about lands and cheap homes in Florida always write to J. C. Jones, Live Oak, Florida. Reading matter and State Map 10c each.

WIVES Should know how child bearing can be effected without pain or danger and cure their life. Send for a free information. A wonderful discovery.

DR. J. B. DEE, Buffalo, N.Y.

WILSON, THE PHOTOGRAPHER! Is giving away a Fine Photo-Crayon Portrait. With every dozen cabinets, at \$2.00 per dozen. Children, Family Groups, Bridal Groups, perfect. Open Sunday. Closest weather good as sun shine. Studio, 280 State St., Chicago, Ill.

PENSIONS. The Disability bill is a law. Soldiers disabled since the war are entitled. Widows who are dependent are included. Also Parents dependent to-day, whose sons died from effects of Army service. If you wish your claim speedily and successfully settled, address:

JAMES TANNEN, Late Commissioner of Pensions, Washington, D. C.

THE RIVER OF LIFE.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.
The more we live, more brief appear
Our life's succeeding stages;
Day to childhood seems a year,
And years like passing ages.

The gladness current of our youth,
Ere passion yet disorders,
Steals lingering like a river smooth
Along its glassy borders.

But as the caraway cheek grows wan,
And sorrow's shafts fly thicker,
Ye stars that measure life to man,
Why seem your courses quicker?

When joys have lost their bloom and
And life itself is rapid,
Why as we near the falls of Death
Find we its tide more rapid?

It may be strange, yet who would change
Time's course to slower speeding,
When one by one, our friends have gone
And left our bosom bleeding?

Heaven gives our years of fading strength
Indemnifying feebleness;
And those of youth a seeming length
Proportioned to their sweetness.

ELSIE.

Certainly there is no teacher like experience, though the lessons that she teaches are often bitter ones.

"You will never learn caution, my boy, till you do yourself or some else a mischief," Mr. Foster had said to his son Norman, a hundred times.

Norman was always doing some wild and reckless thing—climbing some of the highest trees in the garden, at the risk of breaking his neck; wading in the river beyond his depth; riding barebacked on his father's horse; playing with the fierce old watchdog that snarled and showed his teeth at every one who tried to caress him.

Norman had no brothers, but he had a little sister named Elsie, three years younger than himself, of whom he was very fond. There was nothing that he liked better than to have Elsie, as he called it, "all to himself," and though he was so wild and willful when alone or with other boys, yet it was pretty to see how gentle and kind he could be when Elsie was his playmate, and how he could give up his own wishes to do the things she asked him, and never speak a rough or impatient word to her.

"Norman is always good when he is with Elsie," his mother often used to say; and she only spoke the truth; and yet it was Elsie whom Norman hurt on that day of which I am going to tell you, when in his bold play he did a thing that he never afterward forgot, or forgave himself for as long as he lived.

The two children had been sitting one morning with their mother in the dining-room, talking and looking at picture-books very happily, till, after a good while had passed, one of the servants came to the door, and told her mistress that somebody wanted her.

"Then I must send you up stairs, my little Elsie," Mrs. Foster said.

But at that moment Norman exclaimed: "Oh no, let us stop here. I'll take care of Elsie."

And he had taken good care of Elsie so often that his mother almost at once replied, "Very well. Amuse her, and be kind to her, and I dare say I shall be back very soon." And rising up, she went away without the least anxiety, and left the two children alone.

They were nearly always happy when they were together, and so they began to play, and for a little while everything went perfectly well.

They played at being horses at first, and Norman let Elsie whip him to her heart's content; then they played at being bears, and that game went quite harmoniously, too; and then Norman said he would be a soldier, and as Elsie was always very much delighted when Norman made himself a soldier, she sat on the floor and laughed and clapped her hands with pleasure, as he marched up and down the room, with the poker held like a gun against his shoulder.

"Only it doesn't make a good gun; it's not long enough. I'll get father's real gun," he said, presently. "I know where it is. Just you stay here a minute till I fetch it."

And he ran out of the room, and returned almost immediately with a long revolver, which he trailed after him on the floor.

"Oh, Norman, it will shoot me!" cried Elsie, rather terrified at the sight.

But Norman explained to her, with such an appearance of knowing all about what he was saying, that guns never went off by themselves, and that, indeed, it needed very strong hands to make them go off at all, that Elsie, who always believed whatever Norman told her, and besides, was not naturally a timid child, soon forgot her fear, and laughed and clapped her hands louder than ever as he began to strut up and down the room again, leveling his revolver and pretending to fire at one enemy after another.

"Shoot! Bang!" cried Norman at the top of his voice. "Shoot! Bang! There's another down. Now I'm coming to you, Shoot!"

But there his voice all at once ceased, for as he shouted that last word, pointing the muzzle of his gun at Elsie suddenly a terrible explosion shook the room, and as the shock threw him to the floor, such a cry of pain and terror rang in his ears as he never before had heard, and as he never afterwards forgot.

In a moment he was on his feet again, with his face as white as death. Of course, he knew quite well what he had done.

"Elsie!" he tried to gasp; but there came no answer. Huddled together on the floor, in a little heap, quite still, and with the red blood that oozed out on the carpet already beginning to

stain her pretty golden hair, little Elsie lay.

There was no need for Norman to go for help, for everybody had heard the report of the gun, and in a few seconds the whole household had rushed into the room, and then there was a great hubbub of voices, and cries, and lamentations, but the only words that Norman heard was the piteous, "My child, my child!" that broke in a wild shriek from his mother's lips.

Was Elsie dead?

They lifted her up softly from the floor. The blue eyes were shut, and the little face was white except for the stains of blood upon it, but Norman heard her give one moan, and that sound of pain was the first thing that seemed to bring his own life back to him.

He had never uttered a word as they came hurrying into the room. Some of the servants began to question him; one took him by the arm and shook him roughly; but he neither moved nor answered.

He only stood by his mother's side (his mother, who in her anguish never spoke to him,) clinging to her gown, and grasping it tight in both his hands.

"Oh, I wish I was dead! I wonder if I shall be able to die!"

The poor young heart in its misery was passionately crying to itself.

It was almost half an hour before a doctor could be got, and when he came they carried Elsie out of Norman's sight.

An hour later, the little blue-eyed yellow-haired child lay quiet on her bed, asleep, with her mother's hand in hers.

And her mother, sitting at the bedside, was looking at her with a look as if her heart would break. "Oh, my Elsie, whose little feet will never make music on the floor again," she was murmuring over her through her bitter tears.

For Elsie was not dead, and did not die—but she was lamed for life. The shot had gone into her right leg a little below the thigh, shattering it to pieces, and the surgeon had had to cut it off.

"It might have killed her; let us think how much more unhappy we might have been," Mr. Foster said, as he held his wife in his arms, and tried to comfort her. "If she lives we can bear all the rest. Thank God! Thank God!"

The father and mother were alone together in Elsie's room; they had neither of them yet spoken to or even seen Norman.

"Where is he?" Mr. Foster asked after a long while, and the poor mother almost shuddered as she answered: "I don't know. I know nothing about him," she hurriedly said.

"Can you tell me where Norman is?" he went on presently, and asked one of the servants.

"I think he is in the garden sir," the woman answered; and then Mr. Foster went into the garden and called him. He knew that it was his duty to see the lad and talk to him. "Norman," he called loudly, but it was only after he had repeated his name twice that the unhappy boy came.

He came not daring to look into his father's face, and the father in silence put his hand upon his shoulder, and led him back into the house.

He took him into his study and closed the door. "I must punish him, but how can I punish him?" he was thinking to himself. "If I must speak to him, but what can I say?" It seemed so useless, almost like mockery, to use words of ordinary rebuke to him—to treat him as if the feeling towards him in his heart was one of common anger.

For a few moments he stood silent with his hand still on Norman's shoulder; then he tried to begin to speak, but a knot came into his throat, and the words would not come. There only came instead of them the sound of a great rising sob.

The boy looked suddenly up in great terror and anguish; he had never in his life before seen his father weep.

He looked up almost wildly into the white and quivering face, his own all quivering too; and then something all at once swept away from each of them all anger and fear, and in their common anguish they clasped each other in their arms, and on his father's breast the lad wept his heart away.

We learn by experience indeed; but how much the happiest are they who gather wisdom without her sharp and bitter teaching!

From the day on which he shot his little sister, Norman Foster was never an entirely light-hearted boy again. How could he be wholly happy any more when his reckless play had taken the light and gladness out of that other little joyous life?

The look of Elsie's shrunken face in her little bed seemed half to break his heart when he saw it first, the sight of the two little crutches she was to use, well, that took them all down. I think. All of them at least, except Elsie herself.

She looked at them with big, round eyes, and laughed, and said he would be so kind to walk about on those two sticks. "You walk with them now, Norman, and let me see," she called, eagerly, from her bed, where she was propped up with pillows. But Norman did not do what she asked him. He could not, but ran out of the room with a great sob.

She had become, even by that time, the dearest thing in all the world to him, and she remained dearer to him than all other people as long as he continued to live. This great sweetness and blessing came out of the injury that he had done her, that to make up to her for what he had robbed her of, he gave her the devotion of his whole life.

He had been rough and willful and reckless until now, but the thing that he had done to her changed him, changed the suffering and remorse it brought with it, into another creature. He became a perfect knight to this fragile little sister—patient and gentle, wise and tender.

She never grew very strong; the shock she had borne had been too great for her even to rally wholly from it, and in her weakness he used to care for her and wait upon her with a love that never tired.

He had almost taken her life away, and so he gave his own life up to her.

and they grew to love each other with a love that was passionate in its greatness.

When many years had passed, and they were left alone, they neither of them were married, but lived together till they grew almost old. She was a little delicate thing, and he was tall and strong. He used, even when she was quite a woman to carry her about in his arms.

They came to have the same thoughts about most things. They were very happy, though he perhaps was a little graver than other people. But she was as bright always as a bird.

"What have I to be sad about?" she sometimes said to him. "I might have all kinds of trouble if I had been like other women; but now I have none. You never let me bear anything; you never let me want for anything; I have only to live and enjoy and be content."

And so she did live—all her innocent quiet life—hardly ever seeming to miss the things that she had lost, like a caged bird that does not know the world, and has no longings to spread its wings.

"She was the center of all the world to me," Norman Foster said once when death came at last and parted, —for it was she who went first. "She was everything to me—mother and sister and wife and friend in one."

He was not thinking of the bitterness that had mingled with his love for her once when he spoke so; he had ceased to think of that, and on the harm he had once done her, and had come only to remember that they had walked all through their lives to each other, like children, hand in hand.

A Countryman Bursts Paper Bags.

He bore a Ninth avenue elevated train at Fifty-ninth street. Linen duster, broad brimmed straw hat, a bulging gray umbrella, green inside, grasped firmly by the middle, hands like boxing gloves and feet like a couple of hams showed plainly that he was a stranger in New York. He looked 30, but acted like a 13-year-old boy. Along the aisle of the car were a lot of peanut bags, thrown there by a party of small boys.

As the stranger moved toward his seat he deliberately stooped and gathered up all these bags, and as he sat down a cherubic smile of satisfaction overspread his countenance. He carefully smoothed out each one and placed it over his knee, pocketing an occasional stray peanut. His operations were watched with interest by his neighbors, and also his smile, which grew more supremely happy as the moments passed. An occasional chuckle could be heard.

When everything was arranged to his satisfaction he picked up the bags one by one, raised them to his mouth, filled them with wind, and then holding each at arm's length brought his boxing glove hand down on it with the force of a pile driver, making each a report that the windows shook, men stared and women gasped.

When this interesting operation had been performed several times, and the supply of bags remained apparently as large as ever, the passengers began to expostulate. A woman across the aisle timidly asked:

"Will you please stop that, sir?"

"He only started at her in surprise. "When are you going to stop that infernal racket?" growled his huge whiskered neighbor.

"Why, it's lots of fun," chuckled the other.

Finally the gateman came in and told him he would have to stop that. "What!" said he; "when I come down to the city I've some fun, and when I pay my five pennies fare, can't I do as I want to?"

He was informed that he could not in that car.

So he gathered up his bags, got up, and as he moved away he was heard to mutter: "Well, I swear, this is the dumbest town I ever see!"—New York Tribune.

A Real True Boston Story.

A young lady of one of our suburbs who married recently and went to a Connecticut city to live reports a remark on the part of a servant girl which is quite epic in that line. The lady, having a large house and being desirous of running it in good form, called up her cook each day to the dining-room (which was on the main floor, the kitchen being in the basement,) and there gave her her order for the meals and other matters connected with the down-stairs work.

For a day or two the cook took the orders with a rather bad grace, but committed no overt act of insurrection. But presently, one day after her mistress had finished her orders the cook spoke up:

"And now, mum," she said, "I want to listen to what I have to say, and I'll say that if you're goin' to stay here an' ye have orders to give me ye'll have to come down-stairs to the basement, for I'll not be comin' up here to ye anny more."

Before the young mistress could recover her breath after that "if you're goin' to stay," the girl went on:

"An' there's another thing I want to tell ye. I notice that ye have wine on the table each day, but that none of it whate'er gets down-stairs to the kitchen. Now, that's another right not fair, an' I give ye warnin' that some of that wine must find its way to the kitchen, or I'll be lavin' ye."

The mistress had by this time recovered her composure. You may be imagin' me this afternoon, please!" she said.—From the Boston Transcript.

PEACE AND GOODWILL.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON ON THE NATIVITY OF THE SAVIOUR.

Thoughts Suggested by the Surroundings, Incidents and Circumstances Connected With Christ's Coming on Earth.—The Significance of the First Christmas Gifts.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Dec. 28.—Dr. Talmage's sermon today was appropriate to the season. Its subject was the Christmas Jubilee. A crowd which filled the Academy of Music in every part listened to it in the morning and another enormous audience thronged the New York Academy of Music to hear it in the evening. His text was Luke 2:15, "Let us now go even unto Bethlehem."

Amid a thousand mercies we give each other holiday congratulations. By long established custom we exhort each other to healthful merriment. By gift, by Christmas trees which blossom and fruit in one night, by early morning surprises, by clusters of lighted candles, by children's procession, by sound of instruments sometimes more blarney than musical, we wake up the night and prolong the day. The event commemorated is the gladdest of the centuries. Christ's cradle was as wonderful as his cross. Persuade me of the first and I am not surprised at the last. The door by which he entered was as tremendous as the door by which he went out.

Christ's advent was in the hostelry called the house of Chilm Ham; the night with diamonded finger pointing down to the place; the door of heaven set wide open to look out from orchestral batons of light dripping oracles of the Messiah; on lowest doorstep of heaven the ministers of God discoursing glory and goodwill. Soon after the white-bearded astrologists kneel, and from open sacks exhalate the frankincense and rustle out the bundles of myrrh. The loosened star; the escaped doxology of celestialists; the chill December night afire with May moon; our world a lost star, and another star rushing down the sky that night to beckon the wanderer home again. Shall yet make all nations keep Christmas?

Are there no new lessons from the story not yet harkened by oft repeated? Oh, yes. Know in the first place, it was a sidereal appearance that led the way. Why not a black cloud in the shape of a hand or finger pointing down to the sacred birthplace? A cloud means trouble, and the world had had trouble enough. Why not a shaft of lightning quivering and flashing as striking down to the sacred birthplace? Lightning means destruction, a shattering and consuming power, and the world wanted no more destruction.

But it was a star, and that means joy, that means hope, that means good cheer, that means ascendancy. A star! That means creative power, for did not the morning stars sing together when the portfolio of the worlds was opened? A star! That means defense, for did not the stars fight in their courses against Siera and for the Lord's people? A star! That means brilliant continuance, for are not the righteous to shine as the stars forever and ever? A star! That means the opening of eternal joy. The day star in the heart. The morning star of the Redeemer.

Not a black cloud of threat, but a gleaming star of hope in our glorious Christianity. One glimpse of that stellar appearance kindled up the soul of the sick and dying college student, until the words flashed from his pale fingers, and the star seemed to pour its light from his white lips as Kirke White wrote these immortal words:

When marshalled on the nightly plain
The gliding hosts bend the sky,
One star alone of all the train
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
Hark, hark to God, the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every ken,
But one alone, the saviour speaks.
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raving seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
And rudely blew the wind that tossed my
foundering bark;
Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Dying coldness seized my limbs,
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

Notice also in this scene, that other worlds seem to honor our Lord and master. Bright star of the night, wheel on thine orbit. "No," said the star, "I must come nearer and I must bend and I must watch and see what you do with my Jesus!"

Another world that night joined our world in worship. That star made a bow of obedience. I sometimes hear people talk of Christ's dominion, as though it were to be merely the few thousand miles of the world's circumference; but I believe the millions and the billions and quadrillions of worlds are all inhabited—if not by such creatures as we are, still such creatures as God designed to make, and that all these worlds are a part of Christ's dominion. Isaac Newton, and Kepler, and Herschel only went on Columbus voyage to find these continents of our King's domain.

But this scene also impresses me with the fact that the wise men and the star came to Christ. They were not fools, they were not imbeciles. The reverend distinctly says that the wise men came to Christ. We say they were the magi, or they were the astrologists, or they were the deprecating acclamation. Why they were the most splendid and magnificent men of the century. They were the naturalists and scientists. They knew all that was known. You must remember that astrology was the mother of astronomy, and that alchemy was the mother of chemistry, and because children are brighter than the mother you do not despise the mother.

It was the lifelong business of these astrologers to study the stars. Twenty-two hundred and fifty years before Christ was born the wise men knew the procession of the equinoxes and they had calculated the orbit and the return of the comets. Professor Smith declares that he thinks they understood the distance of the sun from the earth. We find in the book of Job that the men of olden times did not suppose the world was flat as some have said, but that he knew and the men of his time knew the world was globular. The pyramids were built for astronomical and astronomical study. Then the alchemists spent their lives in the study of metals and gases and liquids and solids, and in filling the world's library with their wonderful discoveries. They were vastly wise men who came from the east, and tradition says the three wisest came, Caspar, a young man; Balthazar, a man in mid-life, and Melchior, an octogenarian. The three wisest men of all the century. They came to the manger.

So it has always been—the wisest men come to Christ, the brainiest men come to the manger. Who was the greatest metaphysician this century ever produced?

Jonathan Edwards, the Christian. Who was the greatest astronomer of the world? Herschel, the Christian. Who was the greatest poet ever produced? Milton, the Christian. Who was the wisest writer on law? Blackstone, the Christian. Why is it that every college and university in the land has a chapel? They must have a place for the wise men to worship. So Daniel Webster came to the manger. The wise men of the East followed by the wise men of the West.

Know also in this scene that it was a winter month that God chose for his Son's nativity. Had it been the month of May—that is the season of blossoms. Had he been born in the month of June—that is the season of roses. Had he been born in the month of July—that is the season of great harvests. Had he been born in the month of September—that is the season of ripe orchards. Had he been born in the month of October—that is the season of whistling forests. But he was born in a winter month.

Notice also a fact which no one seems to notice, that this Christ was born among the sheep and the cattle, and the horses, and the camels, in order that he might be an alleviating influence to the whole creation. It means mercy for the overgrown, underfed, poorly sheltered, galloped and maltreated animal creation. Hath the Christ who compared himself to a dove no care for the creatures of pigeon shooting? Hath the Christ who compared himself to a lamb no care for the sheep that are tied and contorted, and with neck over the sharp edge of the butcher's cart, or the cattle train in hot weather from Omaha to New York, with no water—fifteen hundred miles of agony? Hath the Christ whose tax was paid by a fish, the coin taken from its mouth, no care for the tossing fins in the fish market? Hath the Christ who strung with his own hand the nerves of dog and cat no indignation for the horrors of vivisection? Hath the Christ who said, "Go to the ant," no watchfulness for the transfused insects? Hath the Christ who said, "Behold the fowls of the air," himself never beheld the outrages heaped upon the brute creation which cannot articulate its grief? This Christ came not only to lift the human race out of its tumble, but to lift out of pang and hardship the animal creation. In the glorious millennial time the child shall lead the lion and play with the cockatrice only because brute and reptile shall have no more wrongs to avenge. To alleviate the condition of the brute creation Christ was born in the cattle pen. The first bleat of the lamb of God heard amid the tired flocks of the Bethlehem shepherds. The white horse in this account the steed of a barn.

But notice also in this account the three Christmas presents that are brought to the manger, Gold, Frankincense and Myrrh. Gold to Christ—that means all the affluence of the world surrendered to him. The gold for Christ, the silver for Christ, the jewels for Christ. Australia, Nevada and Colorado for Christ. The bright, round, beautiful jewel of a world set like a solitaire on the bosom of Christ.

But I notice that these wise men also took out from their sacks the myrrh. The cattle came and sniffed at it. They did not eat it because it was bitter. The pungent gum resin of Abyssinia called myrrh brought to the feet of Christ. That means bitterness. Bitter betrayal, bitter persecution, bitter days of suffering, bitter nights of woe. Myrrh. That is what they put into his cup when he was dying. Myrrh. That is what the Marys twisted in the shroud of a crucified Christ. The myrrh. Oh, the height, the depth, the length, the breadth of the Saviour's sorrow. Well might the wise men shake out the myrrh.

But I notice also from another sack they shake out the frankincense. Clear up to the rafters of the barn the air is filled with perfume, and the hostlers and the camel drivers in the furthest part of the building inhale it, and it floats out on the air until passers-by wonder who in that rough place could have by accident dropped a box of abalaster, Frankincense. That is what they burned in the censer in the ancient temple, Frankincense. That means worship. Frankincense. That is to fill all the homes, and all the churches, and all the capitals, and all the nations, from cellar of staled cave clear up to the silver rafters of the starlit dome. Frankincense. That is what we shake out from hearts today, so that the nostrils of Christ once crimsoned with the hemorrhage of the cross, shall be flooded with the perfume of a world's adoration, Frankincense. Frankincense in song, and sermon, and offering, and handshaking, and decoration. Praise him, mountains and hills, valleys and seas, and skies and earth and heaven—cyclone with your trumpets, northern lights with your flaming ensigns, morning with your castles of cloud and evening with your billows of clouds of sunset. Do you know how they used to hold the censer in the olden times, and what it was made of? Here is a metal pan and the handle by which it was held. In the inside of this metal pan were put living coals, on the top of them a perforated cover. In a square box the frankincense was brought to the temple. This frankincense was taken out and sprinkled over the living coals, and then the perforated cover was put on, and when they were all ready for worship, then the cover was lifted and from this censer and from all the other censers and the perfumed smoke arose until it hung amid all the fields and dropped amid all the altars, and then rose in great columns of praise outside the temple, rising clear up toward the throne of God. So we have two censers today, of Christmas frankincense. Here is the one censer of earthly frankincense. On that we put our thanks for the mercies of the past year, the mercies of all our past lives, and then we bring our frankincense—the censers bring theirs and the scrippling theirs and the one hundred and forty and four thousand theirs and all the eternities theirs, and let them smoke with perfume on this heavenly censer until the cloud envelopes the throne of God. Then I take these two censers—the censer of earthly frankincense and the censer of heavenly frankincense—and I swing them before the throne, and then I clasp them together in one great halo, and unto him to whom the wise men of the East brought the gold, and the myrrh and the frankincense. Blessed be his glorious name forever!

Antonio Guerrero has been convicted in Mexico of eight murders and 14 criminal assaults, and sentenced to death.

Lord Salisbury has warned the British South Africa company that its occupation of Masikwe is an infringement upon the modus vivendi with Portugal, and that it must withdraw at once from that district.

THE LATEST IN SILVER.

For the dinner table there are silver jar dainties of unique form.

A silver saw with which to cut the wedding cake is pretty gift for a bride. A preference is noted for the triangle form in silver as well as in gold ornaments.

A novelty in silver lamps consists of an urn-shaped bowl mounted on a duted column of silver.

On the handles of some of the new spoons, forks and knives are wrought in relief mythological figures.

Silver flagons, boxes, divided into compartments, are novelties in the way of stamp and pin receptacles.

When one is in doubt which to select, a fine cut-glass article or a silver one, a graceful compromise may be made in choosing glass with silver trimmings.

Vine-glasses with silver garlands of grapes and their leaves twining about stem and bowl, are attractive illustrations of the effects of silver and glass combined.

Decanter and claret jug, overlaid with grapes and their foliage in silver by the new electro-deposit treatment, are a pleasing feature in the show-windows and exhibitions.

The pie-knife is this season called upon to compete for favor with a rival called pie-server. The latter has a thin, flexible blade and is adapted also for serving cake, waffles, etc.

In candleabra and candelsticks are reproductions in silver that possess all the beauties of unearthly treasures in the nature of Venetian church plate or old English pieces of former generations.

THE DOINGS OF WOMEN.

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher has numerous offers for the life of a gifted preacher, but her health is too poor to permit of the task.

Miss Mansfield is the private secretary of her father, Sir Charles Mansfield, British minister to Peru. She speaks six languages fluently.

Miss Concordia Lofgren, a literary woman of Sweden, received a gold medal from the French minister of public affairs for a published lecture on "Physical Education and Its Place in a System of National Education."

Historians speak in the most contemptuous terms of Mme. Bernhardt's work. She called her Shakespearean characters "grisettes." The distinguished critic divides her time between two palaces in Rome, appearing on the stage occasionally for charity. She has a beautiful young lady daughter of rare accomplishments and much social popularity.

SCIENTIFIC DROPS.

The organs of smell in the turkey, vulture and carrion crow are so delicate that they can scent their food for a distance of forty miles.

The observations of Prof. Holden of Lick university, have discovered in the moon parallel walls with tops 200 feet thick and not more than 1,200 yards apart.

It is said that wood pulp not only produces good printing paper, but also a high class of writing paper, and other superior kinds of paper can be manufactured from it without the addition of rags. The wood from which it is made is the usual white wood from Sweden and Norway or Finland.

The theory that whisky is necessary in the treatment of pneumonia has received a blow from Dr. Bull of New York, who discovers that in the New York hospitals 65 per cent of the pneumonia patients die with alcoholic treatment, while in London, at the Object Lesson Temperance hospital, only 5 per cent die.

Recent measurements of school children at Freiberg, in Saxony, show that between the ages of 11 and 16 girls are generally taller than the boys, and that the boys then overtake the girls and keep the lead. The same thing was observed in American children by Dr. Bowditch, of Harvard, some years ago, and by Charles Roberts in England.

LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENT.

Among the features of THE FORUM for next year will be: "Results of the Census," a series of articles by Gen. Francis A. Walker, results of the latest researches of the most recent achievements in all important lines of work, in science and in industry, by specialists; for example, Dr. Austin Flint will write on "Dr. Koch's Discovery," Dr. Hiram Gidding on "The Development of Fire-Arms," Frank H. Cushing on "The Hemenway Expedition," Guston Tinsander, the French scientist, "Dirigible Balloons," Prof. Emile de Laveleyre on "The Partition of Africa," and so on; political discussions by the leaders of opinions of both parties in the United States, and by foreign statesmen; "Syllabets of the Time," a series of critical examinations of popular opinions, by W. S. Lilly, the British essayist; autobiographical essays, a series to which some of the most noted men of the time, American and British, have already contributed; discussions of social and religious problems in the United States; and literary articles, discussing the tendencies of literary work along all directions of activity, by the foremost critical writers.

Fine Playing Cards.

1000

k. | New York Weekly.

— whether there was more than a single chair in her father's parlor."—*Philadelphia Times*.

THE ONLY LINEN
COLLAR IN

THE MARKET.

100

THE ANTI-CHAMBERLAIN NEWS.
PUBLISHED BY
J. J. BURKE,
From the Press of the Antioch News.

Advertisers will find the above four leading weeklies, the best Advertising medium, in Northern Illinois.

Address the Publisher, at Antioch, Illinois.

Senator Pettigrew wants the sale of arms and ammunition to Indians on reservations prohibited, and has introduced a bill for that purpose.

This is the season of the year that actresses have their diamonds stolen. Those that haven't any diamonds begin proceedings for divorce against their husbands. Advertising is the life of the theatrical professions.

In Cincinnati the other day, a divorce was granted in three minutes and thirty seconds from the time the case was called in court. Such things are to be expected as long as marriage occurs after only a few minutes courtship.

Whew! \$4,000,000 cash is the price said to have been paid, by a syndicate headed by George W. Childs, for the New York World. An offer of that amount would almost reconcile us to leaving the alluring ranks of journalism.

The injudicious use of Dr. Koch's consumption remedy has killed quite a number of people, and the doctor has written a sharp letter criticising physicians in this and other countries for their haste in using his discovery, without being fully aware of its nature. The doctor should remember that Americans do everything in a hurry, even to dying.

The honest people of the country irrespective of party are expecting to see some action taken by the House of Representatives on the resolution recently offered by Representative Dockery, and now in the hands of the committee on Rules, authorizing an investigation of the charge that twenty seven Senators and Representatives joined pools formed to speculate in silver, while the silver bill, which afterwards became a law, was pending at the last session. This is too serious a charge to be pigeon-holed. Let the investigation proceed. If there be guilty men in Congress, show them up, regardless of their political, social, religious or financial status.

ANOTHER year has flown away on the wings of time, leaving many changes to mark its rapid flight. Friends near and dear to many of us have crossed the divide, new faces, forms and scenes have taken the place of many old familiar objects, as the ever changing panorama of life moves hurriedly along. The year just closed has witnessed many marked changes in business life, yet taken as a whole it has been fairly prosperous. Many disasters and calamities have visited the people in various parts of the world, but in our own beautiful country the people have been singularly fortunate in escaping any serious national disasters, and have just cause to look back to 1890 with feelings of thankfulness. As to the News and our own immediate concerns, the year just closed has been very prosperous and fortunate, a healthy increase in the aggregate business of the office standing on the balance sheet to the credit of 1890. In the subscription department an encouraging increase has been made, while the jobbing and advertising receipts have nearly doubled in the past year, and taken as a whole we have cause to look back to 1890 with feelings of thankfulness. Entering upon the New Year we will make no pledges other than that we shall use all honest efforts to increase the business of the office during the year to come by careful attention to the requirements of the people in the legitimate sphere of local journalism. Conforming to the time honored custom we wish our readers and the rest of mankind in general a happy prosperous New Year. Farewell to the old. All hail the new.

Even our Senators fall victims to the confidence men at times. Just about Christmas time, when the hearts of our Solons were expanded with generosity, a Baltimore crank by the name of Duvall got in his fine work among them. His plan was very simple and worked like a charm. In a neatly worded letter he informed Senator Sawyer of Wis., that he had just named his youngest son Philetus Sawyer Duvall. The Senator responded with a \$5.00 bill. About the same time another of the Senators received a similar letter but in this instance the youngster was named after him. This time Duvall received a silver mug. The game went on until about twelve of the statesmen were thus duped, when unluckily for Duvall, two of them compared notes and tumbled to the scheme.

GRASS LAKE.

A Happy New Year to you all. Sawing wood and filling ice houses is the order of the day here. Mr. Wm. Ramaker received a gold watch from his wife for a Christmas present.

Fred Loof will try Fox Lake Monday by drawing a load of goods across it.

Dell Ames is "buzzing" up the wood around here and he knows how to do it too.

Our young folks, that is the most of them, took in the dance at Gray's Lake Xmas night.

Miss Lizzie Overcamp, of Munster, Wis. spent Christmas at Wm. Ramaker's and a few days with Mrs. C. B. Little.

There was a dance at Hermans last week and it was reported that there was to be one at R. Selters the last of the week.

Misses Linabell and Nettie Little have had the measles. Linabell was very sick but under the care of Dr. Karr is almost well again.

Frank Ramaker has rented his farm and will remain here until spring. His little son Willie will go to school the rest of the term here.

Joe Barnstable and his father-in-law, Mr. Moore of Dakota, were in our neighborhood recently. Mr. Moore talks of buying part of the Fieger farm.

Christmas has passed and New Years is with us once more. Many homes were made happy here by the bringing together of loved ones for the holidays, and none more happy than that of Wm. Ramaker, for it is nine years since they all were together before.

PUBLIC INSTALLATION.

The following are the officers of Luther Crane Post, No. 201 Dept. of Wis. Burlington, to be installed on Jan. 8, 1891. Post Commander, John G. Meadows; Sr. Vice Commander, Fred Krakofsky; Jr. Vice Commander, George Jones; Quartermaster, H. A. Sheldon; Surgeon, George Deniston; Chaplain, George E. Goodwin; Officer of the day, Will Hawkins; Officer of the guard, F. Vanderbeck; The Adjutant Sargent Major and Quartermaster Sargent are appointed after installation. The Post is flourishing and has a membership of over 80 in good standing.

Common Sense

ACCORDEON INSTRUCTOR,
CLARINET INSTRUCTOR,
MANDOLIN INSTRUCTOR,
CORNET INSTRUCTOR,
GUITAR INSTRUCTOR,
VIOLIN INSTRUCTOR,
BANJO INSTRUCTOR,
ZITHER INSTRUCTOR.

The above instructors are the newest, best and most easily comprehended of any now published. In addition to the complete and valuable instruction, each book contains a choice collection of the LATEST and MOST POPULAR MUSIC, both Vocal and Instrumental. Each book teaches in a simple and "Common Sense" way how to play on each instrument designed, beginning with the elementary principles and gradually carrying the pupil forward by a course of plain, progressive lessons. All of the books in this series are beautifully bound in compact form with illustrated title page. Price, prepaid, Fifty CENTS each. I have also on hand a complete list of over 2000 pieces of Sheet Music, the latest and best both Vocal and Instrumental, printed on the best music paper from the rate of 10 CENTS per copy. This is the same quality of Sheet Music for which publishers charge from four to six the same price. Complete catalogues mailed free on application. A 10% discount for large orders. Cash must accompany all orders from a distance. Address: A. P. Burke, Antioch, Ill.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR. GENERAL LAND OFFICE.

Washington, D. C. Dec. 6, 1890.

Public notice is hereby given under Section 2453, and the decision of the Honorable Acting Secretary of the Interior of May 7, 1890, that Watts Island, in Pistakee Lake, section 4, township 45 north, range 9 east, Third Principal Meridian, Illinois, containing 17.75 acres, will be offered at public sale to the highest bidder at the General Land Office, Washington, D. C., on Saturday January 24, 1891, at eleven o'clock, A. M. The offering and sale will be made subject to the rights of William Watts, the applicant for the survey of the Island to remove such of his improvements on the land as can be severed from the realty, and to any other rights on his part that on further investigation should be protected by the Government.

Lewis A. Groff,
Commissioner and ex-officio Register
and Receiver, Act of March 3, 1877.

MISS ADDIE SHAFFER.

Invites the Ladies of Antioch and vicinity to call and inspect her new line of

WINTER MILLINERY.

Prices Always Reasonable.
Everything New and of the Latest Styles.
Shop in Foltz' Store,
ANTIOCH, - ILLINOIS.

E. H. AMES,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office at Residence,
ANTIOCH, - ILLINOIS.



Horses, Cattle, Sheep & Hogs.
Excelling remedy for the rapid cure of Hard Colds, Coughs, Hiccups, Yellow Water, Fever, Distemper, Sore and Weak Eyes, Lung Fever, Croup, Hoarseness, and all difficulties arising from impurities of the blood. Will relieve Hooves at once. Manufactured by the JOPPA MANUFACTURING CO., LYONS, N. Y. Sure Cure for Hog Cholera. FULLER & FULLER, General Western Agents, Chicago, Ill.

B No. 9.

BEST 50 cent JAPAN ON EARTH.

Pure in quality, Delicious flavor.
EVERY POUND GUARANTEED. SAMPLES FREE,
COULD YOU ASK ANY MORE?
—SOLD ONLY BY—

MONTGOMERY & STORY,

ANTIOCH, - ILLINOIS.

A SAFE & PROFITABLE INVESTMENT!

A Well Conducted Building and Loan Association
is a safe and profitable investment for monthly savings, but valueless
AS AN INCOME INVESTMENT.

The Illinois Building and Improvement Co., of Chicago,

is a pioneer Company in conducting its business on the plan of paying the profits to investors in Semi-Annual dividends, instead of hoarding the profits eight or nine years to mature the stock.

The investments of this Company are of the same character as ordinary Building Associations, and largely confined to Cook County.

MAKING AN ABSOLUTELY SAFE INVESTMENT.
A FEW MORE SHARES WILL BE SOLD AT PAR, INTEREST ALLOWED FROM DATE OF FIRST PAYMENT.

This Stock is an excellent investment for limited amounts of Trust Funds.
For particulars etc., Address: H. DELANY, Vice Pres., and Manager,
218 LA SALLE STREET, - - - CHICAGO, ILL.

YEARS OF VARIOUS EXPERIENCE

In the Use of OUR
we Alone own
for all Dis-

FOR A LIMITED TIME

HOPE FOR YOU

Don't brood over your condition, nor give up in despair. The treatment of the World's Cases have yielded to our HOME TREATMENT, as set forth in our WONDERFUL BOOK, which we send sealed, post paid, FREE, for a limited time. GET IT TODAY. Remember, no one else has the method, appliances and experience that we employ, and we claim the monopoly of curing the disease. ERIC MEDICAL CO., 64 N. 10TH ST., BUFFALO, N. Y.

2,000 References. Name this paper when you write.

A. CHINN, Auctioneer. J. J. BURKE, Justice.

Chinn & Burke, REAL-ESTATE, LOANS AND INVESTMENTS.

We have for sale a number of desirable Residences, lots and farms in and around Antioch, and will attend to all matters pertaining to the renting, sale and transfer of the same.

MONEY TO LOAN IN SUMS TO SUIT,
on real-estate and other good security.

INVESTMENTS MADE,
Rents etc. Collected on small commission.

Call in and see us in regard to Investments of all kinds, and learn what we can do for you in this line. Let us hear from you if you wish to buy, sell, let or rent buildings or real-estate of any kind. Yours for Business,

CHINN & BURKE,
ANTIOCH, - ILL.

JOB WORK

NEATLY DONE
AT THIS OFFICE.

Mrs. J. A. Turner,
— DEALER IN —

LADIES FURNISHING GOODS,
WOOL AND MERINO UNDERWEAR,
RIBBONS LACES, HANDKERCHIEFS,
HOSIERY, NOTIONS ETC.

All goods selected with care and sold
AT LOWEST PRICES FOR CASH.
CALL AND SEE ME.

Store in Rogers' building, on Lake Ave.,
ANTIOCH, - ILL.

NEW FIRM!

MONTGOMERY & STORY.

NEW GOODS,

— AND —

NEW PRICES.

Call and examine our fine line of

GROCERIES

— AND —

PROVISIONS:

HIGHEST PRICE PAID FOR BUTTER & EGGS.
MONTGOMERY & STORY,
ANTIOCH, - ILL.

Best Teas and Coffees in Town.

15 1/2 lbs. Granulated Sugar, \$1.00.
20 lbs. Brown Sugar, \$1.00.
Best Raisins, 11c 3/4 lb.
Burlington Full Cream Cheese 12c 3/4 lb.
Mixed Nuts, 25c 3/4 lb.
Choice Mixed Candy, 18c 3/4 lb.
Cranberries, 10c 3/4 qt.

Oranges, Apples,
Best of everything in Can Goods.

OYSTERS,

SWEET POTATOES & ONIONS,

AND ALL THE GOOD THINGS

THAT GO TO MAKE UP A MENU

FOR A GOOD

CHRISTMAS DINNER,

— AT —

C. O. FOLTZ,

ANTIOCH, - ILL.

BOYS SUITS, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.25.

A Line of Pants, \$2.50,

REDUCED FROM \$3.00 AND \$3.50.

Every-thing we have in Cheap Suits & Overcoats, are good honest Goods, and well made.

It is well known that there is nothing near that compares with our stock of fine suits, fine Overcoats & ladies Cloaks.

IF YOU WANT AN HONEST ARTICLE, GET IT AT
C. O. FOLTZ,

KEROSENE OIL, IIC.

FOR THE HOLIDAYS!

DONT MISS YOUR CHRISTMAS OYSTERS,
AS WE EXPECT A BIG SUPPLY AND TO BE ABLE TO SELL
AT OLD TIME PRICES, 85 CENTS A QUART.

Cranberries per quart 10 cents.
20 pounds fine yellow Sugar, \$1.00.
15 1/2 pounds Granulated Sugar, \$1.00.

Do you want a pair of Bo's or a swell-body Cutter?

— A LARGE STOCK OF —

Gloves and Mittens, German Socks,
Felts and Rubber Goods.

DONT FORGET TO ASK FOR OUR
ELEGANT SEAL PLUSH CAPS.

A large line of Holiday Goods.

COME EARLY AND SECURE BEST SELECTIONS.

WILLIAMS BROS.,
Antioch, - - - Ills.

M. A. Howard,

— DEALER IN —

FURNITURE.

I KEEP ON HAND A LARGE AND SELECT STOCK OF EVERY-THING
USUALLY FOUND IN A FIRST-CLASS FURNITURE STORE,
AND SELL AT "LIVE AND LET LIVE" PRICES.

BEFORE PLACING YOUR ORDER WITH OTHER DEALERS,

CALL AND LEARN PRICES.

STORE IN ROGERS' BUILDING,
ANTIOCH, - - - ILLINOIS.

SEE HERE!

16 lbs. Granulated Sugar,
FOR ONE DOLLAR.

20 lbs. Brown Sugar,
FOR ONE DOLLAR.

OYSTERS 30c per Qt.

2,400 Parlor Matches for 18 cents.

STONE & CO.,

ANTIOCH, - - - ILL.